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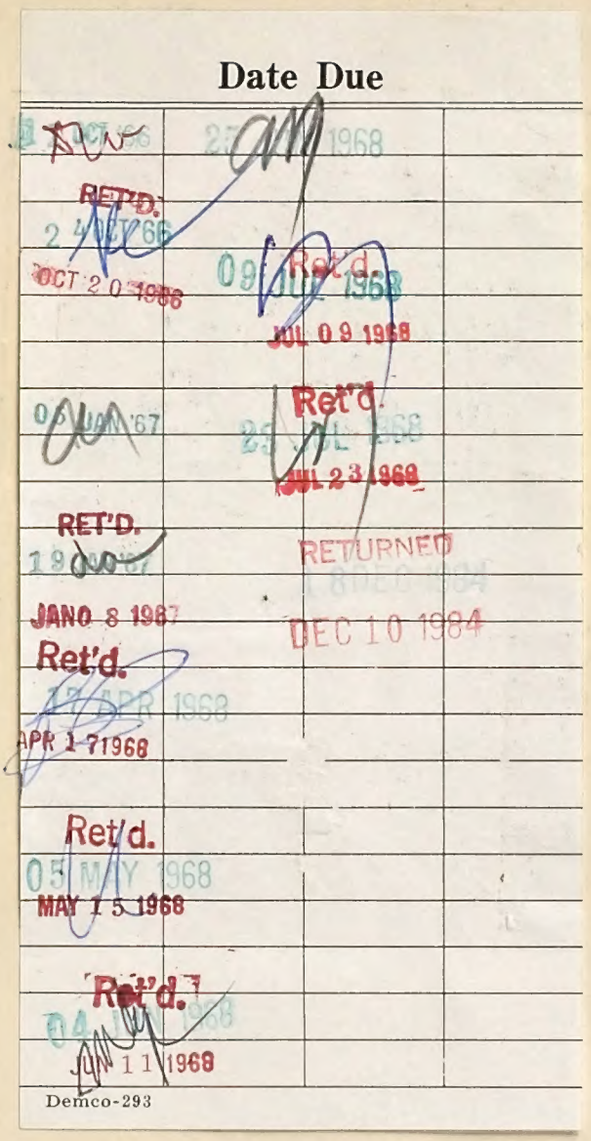
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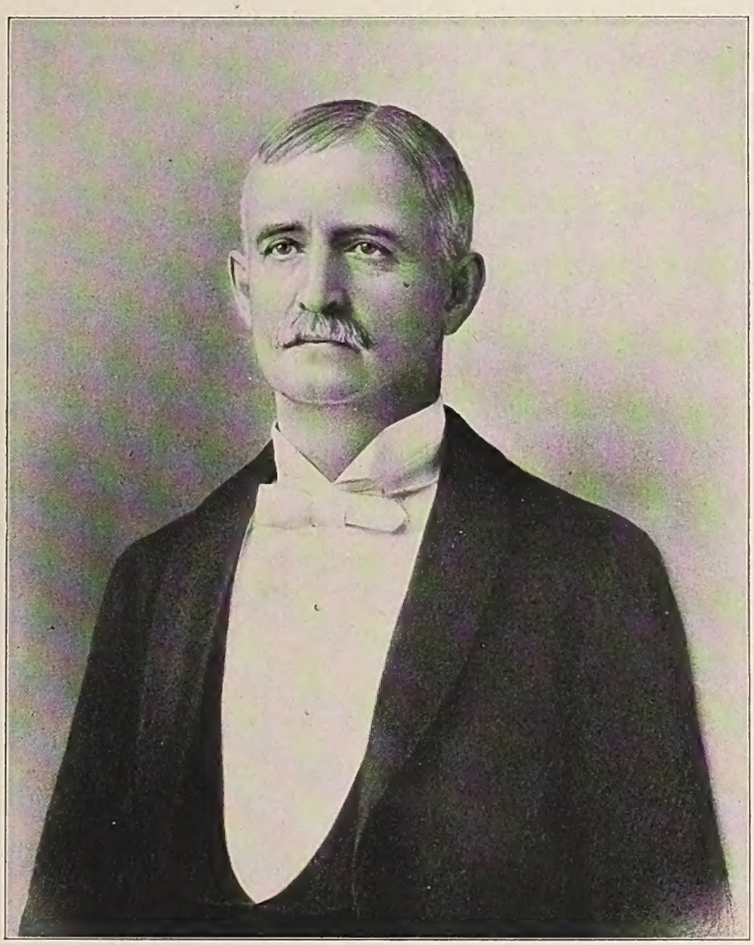

A. C. QUISENBERRY.

(Member of The Filson Club.)

FILSON CLUB PUBLICATIONS No. 21

LOPEZ'S EXPEDITIONS TO CUBA

1850 AND 1851

BY

ANDERSON C. QUISENBERRY

MEMBER OF THE FILSON CLUB

Author of "The Life and Times of Humphrey Marshall, the Elder"; "Revolutionary Soldiers in Kentucky"; "The First John Washington of Virginia"; "Virginia Troops in the French and Indian War"; "Genealogical Memoranda of the Quisenberry Family and other Families"; "Memorials of the Quisenberry Family in Germany, England, and America"; Etc., Etc., Etc.

READ BEFORE THE CLUB APRIL 3, 1905

Illustrated

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;—
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY
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1906

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PREFACE

THE subjoined account of General Lopez's expeditions to Cuba was originally prepared as the basis of an historical novel, to be called *The Strong in Heart*, in which the tragic fate of Crittenden and his men, and the dauntless heroism of the Liberators generally, were to be exploited; though the fictional background of the story was to be in Kentucky. In order to secure a correct historical framework for the proposed novel, it was necessary that I should myself prepare a history of those ill-fated expeditions to Cuba, since no satisfactory accounts of them were accessible to me; and no consecutive account whatever of the Bahia Honda Expedition had ever been published.

The data for this sketch were gathered mainly from files of old newspapers, from the official reports of the United States Consul at Havana, and from the scrap-book that was kept by Colonel Crittenden's mother, it having been kindly loaned to me for the purpose by ex-Governor Thomas T. Crittenden, of Missouri, Colonel Crittenden's brother. The materials gathered from these

and other sources were hastily woven together in proper sequence, forming a narrative which is now published almost exactly as it was first written, though it was not originally intended for publication in this form. In some instances almost the very words of the *disjecta membra* of the story, as they appeared in the old papers from which they were copied, have been used in this sketch; in which my own work has been that of a compiler and an editor, rather than that of an author. I am indebted to Doctor Thomas E. Pickett, of Maysville, Kentucky, whose scholarly pen has often adorned the historic and scientific literature of Kentucky, for the facts which I have embodied in the sketch of Colonel John T. Pickett.

As I was constantly engaged with other matters that could not be neglected, it soon became apparent that the construction by me of a novel along the lines proposed was utterly impossible under the circumstances, if the work was to do either the subject or myself even the slightest credit; so that project had to be indefinitely postponed, if not abandoned altogether.

The subject, merely as an historical monograph, is one capable of considerable elaboration; but even for that I could not find the time. The sketch as prepared, brief and imperfect as it is, has apparently not been found altogether lacking in interest and merit by The

Filson Club, before which it was read April 3, 1905, and under whose kindly auspices it is now given to the world as one of their valuable series of historical publications.

A brilliant galaxy of gallant and intrepid young Kentuckians, the more prominent of whom were O'Hara, Crittenden, Pickett, Hawkins, Stanford, Ellis, Logan, and Breckenridge, bore the most conspicuous part in those early and desperate attempts to confer the boon of liberty upon Cuba. Then may it not be hoped that some such distinguished Kentucky author as James Lane Allen, or John Fox, junior, fired with the State love that is the pride of every true Kentuckian, may take upon himself the gracious duty of embalming in an immortal romance the heroism and devotion of those paladins, as well as the glory and the chivalry of their deeds of high emprise?

A. C. Quisenberry.

Hyattsville, Maryland.

INTRODUCTION

THE subject of the twenty-first publication of The Filson Club is the Expeditions of Lopez to Cuba. Lopez was a filibuster, and the subject of the book is therefore filibustering.

What is filibustering, or who is a filibuster? Different origins and meanings have been given, but we have doubtless derived filibuster from the Spanish "filibustero," and understand it to mean a citizen of one country who invades another, with which his own is at peace, for the purpose of subduing and occupying it.

Filibustering has not always been the same, but in one form or another it may be said to have existed time out of mind. Away back in the shadowy past of the human race the hunter who seized the woods of his neighboring hunter, and the shepherd who came down upon the grazing places of his neighboring shepherd, were filibusters. When Alexander the Great crossed the Indus and Cæsar the Rubicon, their subsequent acts resembled those of filibusters as much as anything else. Better examples, however, are found in later times. The

vikings of the North for more than a thousand years were masters of the seas that washed Europe. Commerce upon the ocean and the inland seas and the great rivers could only be safe with the consent of these Northern seafarers. They carried their victorious arms to England, France, Spain, Portugal, and to other countries, and the only way for the countries invaded to keep out such unwelcome visitors was to nationalize those already arrived, as a protection against others to come. The vikings did not share the odium usually awarded to pirates, but were considered respectable, and formed dynasties in England and France which connected them by blood with the nobility of those countries to this day.

The pirates of the north of Africa were not considered as respectable filibusters as the vikings, but were well enough thought of by the most enlightened countries to receive pay for not preying upon the commerce of the contracting parties. Such pay in our times would be considered the compounding of felonies, but it was thought all right in those days.

The most brilliant and successful filibustering feat, however, in modern times was the conquest of Mexico by Don Hernando Cortez. This great filibuster, without the consent of his king, undertook the conquest of Mexico, a country at peace with Spain, and succeeded. The mag-

nitude of this conquest divested it of all irregularity, and Spain accepted it as the great acquisition that it was, incorporated it into her dominions without a scruple as to the character of the acquisition, and made the filibuster who had done the bloody work of conquest the first Captain-General and first Governor of the country acquired.

Still nearer to our times, Don Francisco Miranda appeared as a filibuster, trying to wrest his native Venezuela from the Spanish. He was the first filibuster to gather an army in the United States to attack a foreign country. Of gentle birth, good education, and large fortune in Venezuela, he was nevertheless suspected of revolutionary designs and compelled to take refuge in the United States. He fought with the French on the side of the colonies in the Revolutionary War, and afterward in the French Revolution. He was compelled to leave France for suspected complicity with Dumouriez, and again came to the United States, where he fitted out an expedition with the hope of revolutionizing his native country. He was unsuccessful, and falling into the hands of the Spaniards by treachery, was imprisoned at Cadiz in Spain, where he died in chains after four years of confinement. His miserable end might have been a warning to others, but it was not so received.

A greater man and actor on a larger scale was Aaron Burr, a native of the United States. No one knows pre-

cisely what the designs of Burr were, but it is generally believed that he contemplated the conquest of Mexico and the placing of himself on the throne of the Montezumas. He failed as completely as Miranda did, except that he did not die in a prison like Miranda. He died, however, without probably deserving it, almost universally dishonored and despised.

If the acts of General Sam Houston were not those of a filibuster, they were so near it that it would be difficult to draw the distinction. He was certainly a citizen of the United States making war upon Mexico for the independence of Texas, with which his own country was at peace. His undertaking was a success, however, which made the filibuster a hero and his filibustering the untainted boon of mankind. History has recorded his deeds as those of a patriot, and left no room for the criticism of the filibuster.

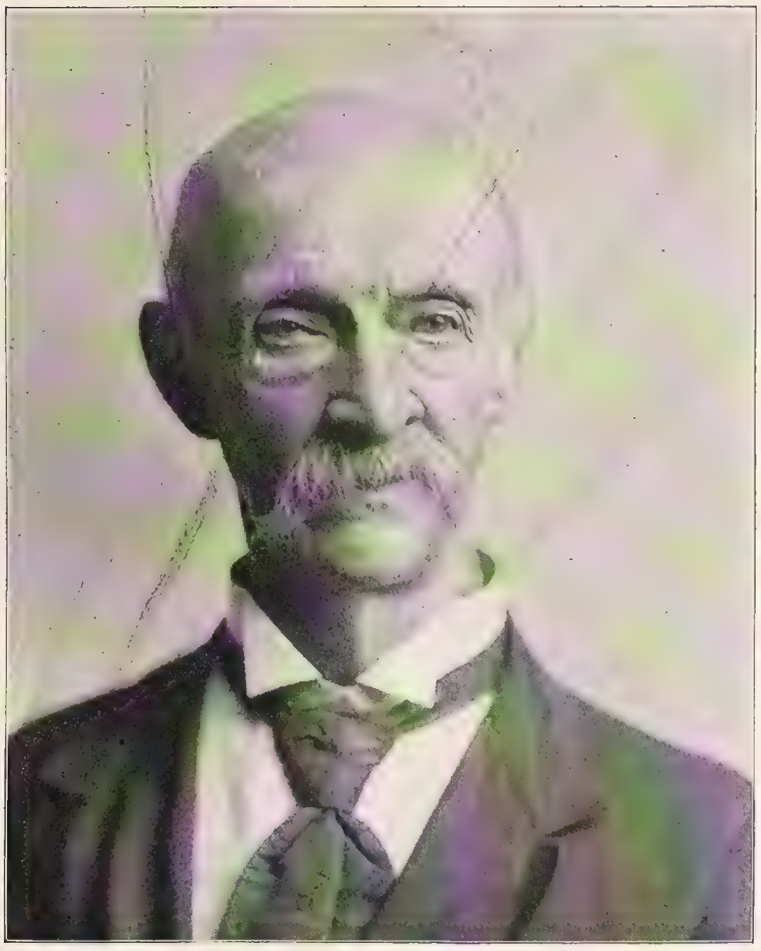
Of the four principal filibusters just named in the Western world—Cortez, Miranda, Burr, and Houston—two were successful and two failures. Each of them concerned Spanish territory, and Spain was probably responsible for the introduction of filibustering into the Western world. Her barbarous treatment of her people here made them anxious to seek foreign help to enable them to throw off the yoke that galled them. She her-

self had invaded and conquered Mexico and parts of South America, and ought not to have been disappointed when others invaded her domain. She finally lost all her possessions, principally gained by filibustering, in the New World, and the wonder is, not that she lost them, but that she held them so long. In these expeditions from the United States was some of the best blood of the country. A grandson of President Adams, by the name of Smith, was in the Miranda Expedition. He was supposed to have been captured by the Spaniards on the coast of Venezuela, and while this impression prevailed the Spanish minister at Washington wrote to a friend of the father of the young filibuster offering to intercede for him upon condition that he would disclose the names and plans of all the Spaniards associated with him. The father answered that he would not purchase his own life upon such terms, and that he would not advise his son to bring disgrace upon himself and his family by betraying those with whom he had acted. It was afterward discovered that the young man had not been captured, but made good his escape to the United States. Noted names, in other expeditions, might be given here, but the author has exhibited enough of them in the text to show that the very best blood of the land was employed.

After the failure of Miranda, four-and-forty long years elapsed before another filibustering expedition was fitted

out in the United States against a foreign country, unless the movements for the independence of Texas were of that character, as they probably were. In 1849, 1850, and 1851 three expeditions were fitted out by Lopez against the island of Cuba. These, although true filibustering expeditions, were also movements in the interest of humanity. They were not for plunder and spoils, but for the freedom of human beings from the galling yoke of tyranny. The Spanish had first depopulated the island of Cuba with fire and sword, and then afterward so oppressed the English and French and Dutch who came into it that they were driven from the land and took to the sea as buccaneers. Nothing like piracy was attached to the name buccaneer. The word means flesh-dryers, and was applied to the inhabitants of the island of San Domingo, who followed hunting the wild cattle of that land and curing their flesh and hides for the Dutch market. They were not pirates, moreover, because they only preyed upon the commerce of Spain, their enemy and oppressor. It is possible that the filibusters of the United States were the logical representatives or successors of these buccaneers, the original enemies of the Spanish, for every filibustering expedition from this country was against the Spanish.

I need not, in this introduction, say anything more about the Expeditions of Lopez. They are the subject



LIEUTENANT JOHN CARL JOHNSTON.

of the twenty-first publication of The Filson Club, and are fully set forth in the text by Mr. Quisenberry, the author. I am not familiar with any previous work in which these expeditions have been so fully and faithfully recorded.

It has now been fifty-six years since the first of these expeditions was organized, and fifty-four since the third and last was inaugurated. Those who were engaged in them are assumed to have been full-grown men at the time, so that a survivor would now have reached the age of seventy-seven. But few men who have borne the heats of sub-tropical suns in military campaigns live to seventy-seven. I know of but one survivor of the second Lopez Expedition who is now living, and he has been singularly associated with the death and burial of one of his comrades in the same expedition. This survivor is John Carl Johnston, a son of the late Judge George W. Johnston, who was born in Shelby County, Kentucky, on November 19, 1829. After going through the schools in his native county, his education was continued at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and finished at West Point in 1846. He then went into the Mexican War as second lieutenant, and continued in service during the war. At the close of the Mexican War, in which he had been a gallant soldier, he went to California, where he remained a few

months without finding or acquiring a gold mine, and returned to Kentucky as poor as he went from it. In 1850 he joined the second Lopez Expedition, and was a brave and efficient soldier from the beginning to the end. In the fight at Cardenas, in which he bore an honorable part, a fellow-soldier was mortally wounded, but succeeded in getting on the boat which bore the retreating filibusters to Key West. Here his comrade's wound was dressed with a shirt furnished by Johnston, and having on it written with indelible ink, "John Carl Johnston, Louisville, Ky." In a few days after the filibusters dispersed from Key West to their homes and other places the wounded soldier died, and the name on the shirt furnished a supposed clue to his identity. A letter was sent to Louisville stating his death, and asking what should be done with the body. The letter was answered by requesting that the remains be sent to Louisville. When the remains arrived, they were buried in the Western Cemetery, and a headstone erected bearing the name of John Carl Johnston. Of course Lieutenant Johnston, when he returned to Louisville, was astonished and troubled at the evidence this grave gave of his death and burial, but at the suggestion of Judge Johnston, his father, the grave was never disturbed, but allowed to continue to bear the remains of the dead filibuster and the name

of his living comrade. If the city of Louisville had been as mindful of those buried in this cemetery, the graves of the old pioneers buried there would not have been disturbed by vandal hands. The city owed it to the descendants of the dead buried there to keep a fence around the burying-ground and the lots in decent order. Instead of that, the fence once there was removed, and many of the monuments which told whose remains occupied the graves were piled together in an unoccupied corner of the ground, in utter confusion, as if they were common stones. Among the graves thus desecrated was that of the filibuster who bore the name of Lieutenant Johnston, who is yet living among us at the ripe age of seventy-six years. He cultivates his little farm below the west end of the city, and is an exemplary, genial, and worthy citizen, beloved and respected by all who know him.

There has been but one filibuster of note in our country since the time of Lopez. This was William Walker, who by filibustering rose to the presidency of Nicaragua, in Central America. His holding of this high office was not of long duration. After being compelled to flee from the country he had conquered, and in which he had been elected president, he returned to the United States and gathered a force to regain his seat in the presidential

chair. His force landed in Nicaragua, but brought him death instead of the presidency. Captain Salmon, of the British ship *Icarus*, arrested Walker and his few followers and delivered them to the Hondurenos, in utter disregard of the fact that Walker had demanded at the surrender, whether he was surrendering to the British or Hondurenos, and from Captain Salmon received the emphatic reply that he was surrendering to the British. He was betrayed by Captain Salmon, delivered to the Hondurenos, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death by the fusillade. The next morning after the verdict he was shot by three soldiers, each of whose balls took effect, and still he was not dead. A fourth soldier then put his musket against his forehead and blew out his brains.

I have, however, said enough, and perhaps too much, for an introductory chapter on filibustering in a book devoted to that subject. The subject is interesting enough, but its treatment has limits, especially in an introduction. I therefore hasten to leave the subject, with the recommendation that all who want to know more about it shall read the following pages by Mr. Quisenberry, which are full of instructive and valuable facts beautifully set forth by the author. No brighter names than those of Pickett, O'Hara, Hawkins, Logan, Breckenridge, and Crittenden, mentioned by Mr. Quisenberry,

will be found in our annals. They were the noble sons of noble sires, acting nobly in the cause of human progress, as they understood it. If it were possible for descendants to add to the glorious name of Crittenden, it was done by two filibusters who bore that name, one in the moment of death, the other in a marvelous escape from death. The first was William Logan Crittenden, whose sad fate Mr. Quisenberry has fully set forth. His dying words have gone all over the civilized world. When he stood before the loaded muskets of his murderers and was ordered to turn his back to them and kneel, he answered, "A Kentuckian kneels only to his God," and thus standing erect he looked the death-dealing muskets in the muzzle while they were emptied into his body. The second was George Bibb Crittenden, who was in the Fisher Expedition, which set out from Texas five hundred strong, in 1842, in pursuit of Mexican raiders. They crossed the Rio Grande and fought a successful battle against great odds, but their commander was wounded and agreed to surrender upon the solemn promise that they should be paroled and sent back to Texas. Instead of this being done, they were sent to interior prisons and ordered by Santa Anna to be decimated. To determine those that were to be shot, white beans, meaning life, and black beans, meaning death, were placed in a recep-

tacle, from which they were to be drawn. Crittenden drew a white bean, which secured his life, but instead of using it for himself he handed it to a comrade, saying, "You have a wife and children, but I have none, and can afford to risk another chance." He drew again, and was lucky enough to draw another white bean, so that both he and his friend escaped being shot. But few men would have taken such a desperate chance for life; but noble-souled Crittenden took it and survived to fight gallantly through the Mexican War and to rise to the rank of Brigadier-General in the Confederate service. Whether such men take up arms as soldiers or filibusters, they command the respect of mankind for honor and courage, and deserve a place in history.

R. T. Durrett,
President of The Filson Club.

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MEXICO
GULF OF
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HOLGUIN
STA CRUZ
MANZANILLO
BAYAMO
JIGUANI
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
GUANTANAMO
COBRE
GUINES
ISLA DE PINOS
CARIBBEAN SEA

MAP OF CUBA.

LOPEZ'S EXPEDITIONS TO CUBA

I

CUBA

WHEN Columbus discovered Cuba, in 1492, he described it as "the most beautiful land eyes ever beheld," and as being fertile almost beyond description. He found this lovely island inhabited by a race of primitive people whom it would hardly be just to call savages, for, by his own account of them, and by all accounts that have ever been given, they were a loving, gentle, and affectionate race, hospitable and peaceable beyond any people the world has ever known that history gives an account of. They had no weapons, and were totally ignorant of war and strife.

Sowing the Wind.

It is estimated that when the island was discovered it was peopled by more than four hundred thousand of these gentle natives; yet, in less than a hundred years the whole of them had disappeared. An entire people had been exterminated, and had vanished from the face of the earth as completely

as if they had never been. The excuse, if excuse it may be called, for massacring them, was that they did not with sufficient alacrity embrace the religion of their conquerors. Neither did they take kindly to the oppressive form of slavery to which they were subjected; and so it was considered a duty to God to slay them. They were slain indiscriminately, singly, in squads, in droves. The last great slaughter, when the remnants of the race were rounded up and exterminated, was on the northwestern coast of the island, at a spot where a city has since arisen, to which has been given the traditional name of the locality, Matanzas; and Matanzas means the massacre, the shambles.

All that now remains of the childlike aborigines of Cuba is the liquid and musical names they gave to the topographical features of their beloved island. These names survive to a most remarkable extent. As to the island itself, there is a very evident instance of retributive justice in the fact that the Spaniards could never name it, though time and again they tried to do so, backed by all the might of official authority. First they named it Juana, in honor of a prince; then Fernandino, for a king; then Santiago, for the patron saint of Spain; and finally Ave Maria, for the Holy Virgin herself; but all to no avail. One by one these names appeared and

disappeared; and Cuba, the soft, musical name given by the lovable aborigines, alone survives; and probably it will survive for all time.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap!" The first ferocious colonizers of Cuba left a progeny who, although of pure Spanish blood, in time and after many generations began to be considered by the home Spaniards as hardly Spaniards at all; and therefore fair prey. These latter native Cubans were called Creoles; and as they began to gather great masses of wealth from the natural and exuberant fertility of their soil, it clearly became worth the while of their relatives in old Spain to come over and despoil them. This they did in hordes; and the leeches who came over to Cuba from Spain accompanied their spoliation of the Creoles with every circumstance of indignity and cruelty.

When the nineteenth century dawned the Creoles, though many of them were immensely wealthy, were little better than actual slaves. They were good enough to create wealth, or to superintend its creation by their own black slaves, but they were not considered good enough for any of the rights and heritages of freemen. Spain sent over, from time to time, hordes of blood-suckers, who filled all the official positions in the island, civil and military; and as these became enriched by

almost open robbery, as they usually did in four or five years, they were replaced by fresh hordes, eager, hungry, and rapacious.

A Despotic Government.

The unhappy island was almost without any law except the will of the petty tyrants who ruled it for their own aggrandizement; and the only constitution it possessed for more than half a century was the Royal Order of May 28, 1825, by which the King of Spain clothed the Captain-General of Cuba with almost absolute power. This remarkable document, the most striking instance of tyranny in modern times that has emanated from the ruler of a people who believe themselves to be civilized, set forth that—

> "His Majesty, the King, our Lord . . . has resolved to give to Your Excellency the fullest authority, bestowing upon you all the powers by which the royal ordinances are granted to the Governors of besieged cities. In consequence of this, His Majesty gives to Your Excellency the most ample and unbounded power, not only to send away from the island any persons in office, whatever be their occupation, rank, class or condition, whose continuance therein Your Excellency may deem injurious; or whose conduct, public or private, may alarm you, replacing them with persons faithful to His Majesty, and deserving of all the confidence of Your Excellency; but also to suspend the execution of any order whatsoever, or any general provision made concerning any branch of the administration, as Your Excellency may think most suitable to the royal service."

Under such authority, it may well be believed that conditions in Cuba rapidly grew from bad to worse; and

a mortal antipathy and mutual hatred was established between the Creoles and the Spaniards. Every form of persecution was inflicted upon the patient and oppressed Creoles; and though these people were wellnigh as broken-spirited as any men may become, still they were not altogether lacking in a spirit of resistance, as subsequent events have shown.

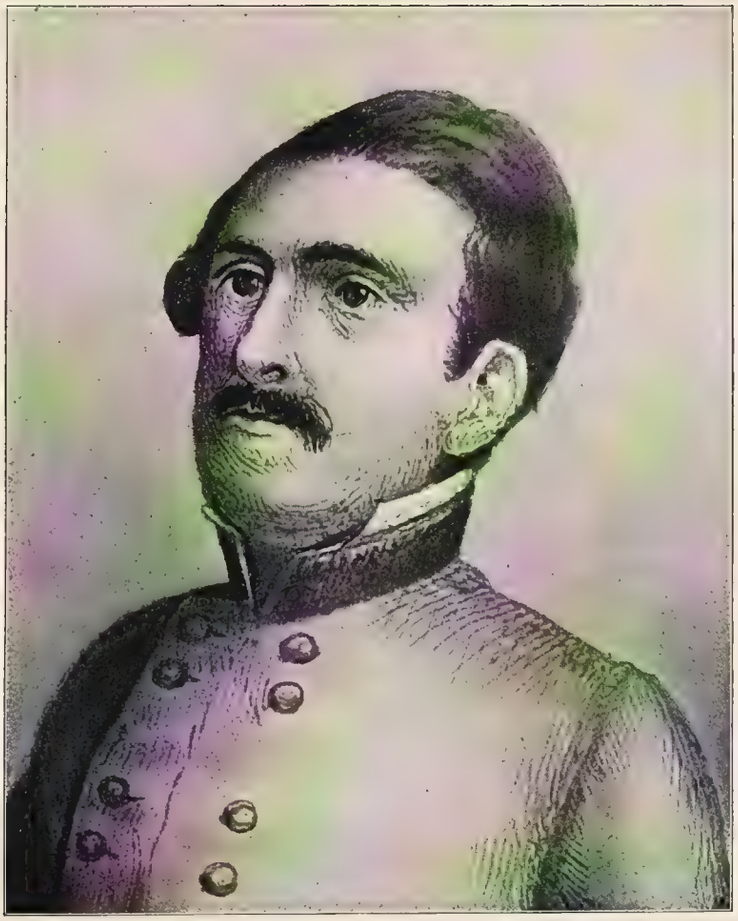
Symptoms of Revolution.

There have been frequent risings of the Cuban people. The earliest of these was what is known as the Black Eagle Conspiracy, in 1829, only four years after the promulgation of the despotic Royal Decree, the intent of which was to deliver over Cuba, bound hands and feet and neck and crop, to the spoiler. In 1844 there were whisperings of a plot on the part of the black slaves of the Matanzas district to rise in insurrection. The authorities could elicit no information as to this plot from the witnesses they invoked, so they resorted to torture. Unwilling witnesses were flogged to the imminent verge of death while stretched face downward on ladders, to which they were bound. Spaniards ever have been famous for the numerous, varied, and exquisite forms of torture they have been able to discover and devise. They have searched out all the nerves of pain, and every possible mode and appliance to rack them; and the native Cubans received the full benefit of their ingenuity in this respect.

Narciso Lopez.

The inevitable years sped on, bringing to the unhappy Cubans no surcease of sorrow, but rather increasing and aggravating their woes, until 1848, when there was a strong movement for liberty in the central portion of the island, under the leadership of Narciso Lopez, a general in the Spanish army, but not then in active service. This movement seemed to be gathering considerable strength, especially around Cienfuegos and Trinidad. But, his plans being prematurely exposed, Lopez was compelled to fly for his life. He escaped to New York, where he was joined by a great number of Cuban exiles, with whom he fomented a plan for achieving the liberty of Cuba by armed expeditions from the shores of the United States.

Narcisco Lopez was a natural leader of men, and was in many ways remarkable. He was born in Venezuela in 1799, the son of a wealthy merchant; and it is said that at an early age he sympathized with the movement for the national independence of South America. However that may be, it is certain that he took up arms for the King of Spain against Bolivar when that hero made his successful attempt to liberate Venezuela from the galling yoke of the mother country. In 1822 he retired from the Spanish army with the rank of Colonel; and



GENERAL NARCISO LOPEZ.

when the Spanish troops evacuated Venezuela he deemed it advisable to also leave the country himself, his native land. He established himself in Cuba, where it seems he was graciously received by the rulers, who recommended him so highly, when he soon afterward went to Spain in search of preferment, that he was there awarded high honors. In Spain he joined the Constitutional party of Queen Isabella, in opposition to Don Carlos, and became, in succession, Adjutant to General Valdes, Governor of Madrid, and Senator for Seville. This latter office he resigned because of the refusal of the Cortes to admit the representatives of Cuba. About this time his old commander, Valdes, was appointed Captain-General of Cuba; and when he went to assume that office Lopez went with him, and was given profitable employment in various capacities. He also devoted his attention to the exploration of the copper mines; and by this time, in one way and another, he had accumulated a large fortune. Owing to some misunderstanding with the Captain-General he was separated from his offices of profit in the government of Cuba; and was then attracted by the project of having Cuba throw off the yoke of Spain, and establish herself as a free republic. After the detection of his plot in 1848, his estates in Cuba were confiscated by the Captain-General; but it seems that

he had previously succeeded in depositing some very considerable sums of money in the New York banks, all of which were subsequently sunk in his several attempts to invade Cuba. Personally, he has been described as a fine-looking, well set-up man, with a splendid head, handsome black eyes, and benevolent countenance. His manners showed that he had had the advantages of the best of breeding and association; he was distinguished by his simplicity of dress and demeanor, and was devoid of arrogance and ostentation. He was a man of the supremest courage and daring; and physically he was endowed with a capacity for the greatest hardship and endurance. Before the close of his checkered career this capacity was tested to the utmost limit, and met all the calls that were made upon it.

The Round Island Expedition.

After establishing himself in New York with his coterie of Cuban patriots in 1848, Lopez set to work to create an army of invasion, whose landing on Cuban shores was to be the signal for the rising of the natives. He soon enlisted a force of some fifteen hundred men, whom he attempted to get off as a joint expedition from New York and New Orleans —those in New York to be transported in the steamers *New Orleans* and *Sea Gull*, and those from New Orleans in the steamer *Fanny*. These two forces were to join

at Round Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, between New Orleans and Mobile, and proceed thence to Cuba. The expedition, however, failed by reason of the fact that it was so openly conducted that the United States Government was bound to take cognizance of it, and to put a stop to it at once; though there is little doubt but the Government would have been conveniently blind to any movement of the kind that had been conducted with a reasonable degree of prudence and secrecy.

But the American people had become interested in the project of freeing Cuba, by whatever honorable means, and openly sympathized with it in every section of the country, more particularly in the South and West, where many gallant and daring men of high social position felt their souls in arms and eager for the fray. It is needless to say that the project attracted not only lovers of liberty for liberty's sake, but also lovers of adventure for adventure's sake, and lovers of money for the sake of the money there was supposed to be in it. By a sad caprice of fate, it proved to be the lovers of liberty for liberty's sake who suffered most in the two expeditions from our shores that actually landed upon Cuban soil.

II

THE CARDENAS EXPEDITION

The Round Island Expedition, which was stopped by the United States Government in 1849, was recruited mostly in New York City; but the failure seems to have dampened the ardor of the young men there, who did not respond so freely when, in the winter of 1849–50, Lopez began to build up a force for a second expedition—the one now known as the Cardenas Expedition. The defection may also have been caused in part by the fact that some of the New York papers began to hint that the Independence party in Cuba had no confidence in Lopez, and would not rise to his assistance; and that the expedition was not supported by adequate means, the greater part of its funds having been raised on scrip based on the spoils of the proposed Government of Cuba, much of which scrip had been sold at two to five dollars on the one hundred dollars, to meet the immediate expenses of the expedition. It is true that vast amounts of these bonds had been issued, and they were sold for whatever they would bring. On the ships taking the men to their rendezvous in Yucatan, some of the soldiers of the expedition, when playing cards to while away the

tedium of the voyage, frequently "backed their judgment" with Cuban bonds as the stakes of the game.

Not meeting with as much encouragement as he desired in the East, General Lopez turned his attention to the West and South, whence had already been borne to him many ardent messages of sympathy and cheer. Early in the spring of 1850 he left New York and traveled incognito down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, stopping at many places in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi to confer with those who were in sympathy with his purposes, and to perfect arrangements for the speedy sailing of an expedition from the Crescent City. The skeletons of three regimental organizations were speedily established and fully officered. These were known, from the States in which they were recruited, as the Kentucky Regiment, the Mississippi Regiment, and the Louisiana Regiment. Men joining the expedition were to receive the same pay and allowances that were given in the United States Army, and at the end of one year—or sooner, if the revolution should be sooner successful—a bounty of four thousand dollars in money, or its equivalent in lands in Cuba. Officers, similarly, were to receive the same pay, etc., allowed for like grades in the United States Army, and were to be given high rank in the future permanent army of the Republic of

Cuba, and to receive, at the same time as the men, a bounty of ten thousand dollars in money, or its equivalent in lands in Cuba.

The Kentucky Regiment.

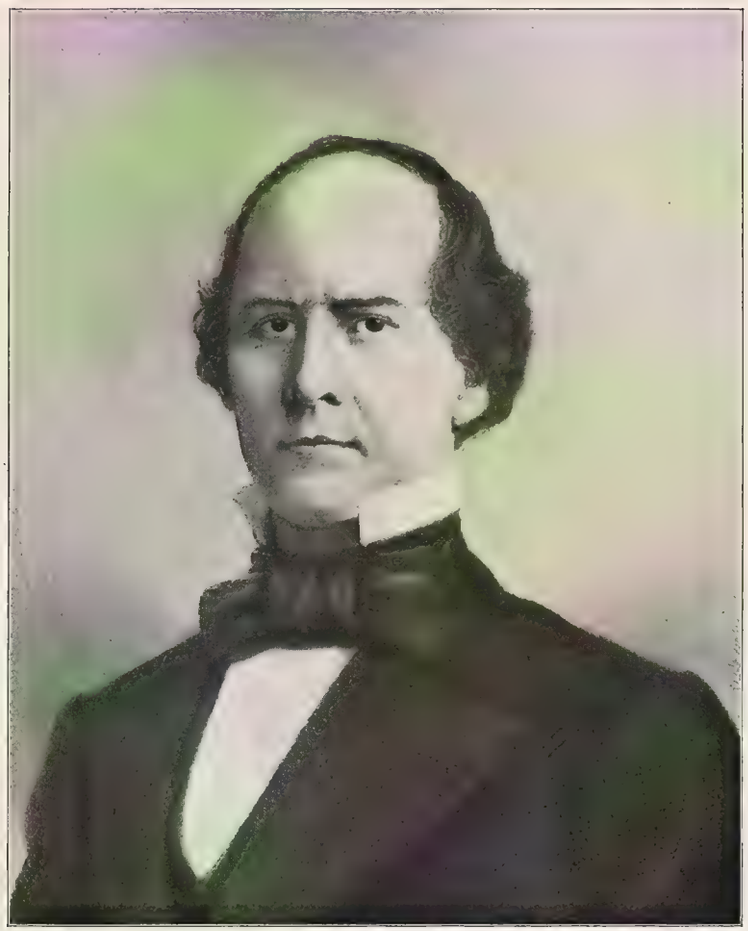
The Kentucky Regiment,[1] in particular, was remarkable for the character of its components, both officers and privates, who almost universally were from leading families of the State. These young men, gallant, impulsive, daring, dauntless, were lovers of liberty for liberty's sake. The field officers of the regiment were Colonel Theodore O'Hara, Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Pickett, and Major Thomas T. Hawkins; and a knightlier or more chivalric trio never sat at King Arthur's Round Table, or set lance in rest for the deliverance of the oppressed.

It is a singular fact that the three ranking officers of the Kentucky Regiment in the Cardenas Expedition—Theodore O'Hara, John T. Pickett, and Thomas T. Hawkins—each afterward served, though at different times, on the staff of General John C. Breckinridge in the Confederate army.

Theodore O'Hara.

Theodore O'Hara, Colonel of the Kentucky Regiment, at this time was thirty-one years old. He had already achieved military renown by his gallant and distinguished services as

[1]See Appendix for a partial roster of the officers of this regiment, and a statement of its losses in the battle of Cardenas.



COLONEL THEODORE O'HARA.

an officer of Kentucky volunteers in the war with Mexico. When, after the close of that war, the State of Kentucky sent to the battlefields of Mexico and gathered up the remains of her sons who had fallen there, and reinterred them with becoming civil and military ceremony in the State Cemetery at Frankfort, it was Theodore O'Hara who, in commemoration of that solemn and sacred occasion, composed that wonderful martial elegy—*The Bivouac of the Dead*[1]—that has made his name immortal. Soon after the close of the Civil War its verses were cast upon iron slabs that adorn our national cemeteries, to commemorate the sleeping heroes of North and South alike.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few;
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards with solemn round
The Bivouac of the Dead."

If he had never written any more than this single stanza, and had achieved naught else besides, these lines alone would have given him perennial fame. His life was a romance, and devoted always to philanthropy. Soldier, poet, orator, journalist, planter—he was each in turn, and in each and all distinguished. At the close of

[1]For full text of this poem see Appendix.

the Mexican War he was commissioned a Captain in the regular army of the United States. But army life in the piping times of peace that followed was irksome to his chivalric soul; so he resigned his commission in order to unite with Lopez in the Cardenas Expedition, which he fondly hoped would prove the means of freeing Cuba. Returning thence wounded almost to the death, he next met that "gray-eyed man of destiny," Colonel William Walker, and co-operated with him in the organization of his adventurous and ill-fated expedition to Nicaragua. At the breaking out of the Civil War he at once cast his fate with that of the Confederacy, serving with distinguished gallantry until the end. On the staff of Albert Sidney Johnston, he received his dying chief in his arms at Shiloh. Later he served on the staff of General John C. Breckinridge; and at the disruption of the Confederacy, when Breckinridge left the field, O'Hara was with him in the long and perilous retreat to the Florida coast.

Colonel O'Hara's commanding talents and brilliant achievements have already been commemorated in several more or less extended biographical sketches; and it is hoped that so brief a one in this work will therefore be the more readily excused.

COLONEL JOHN T. PICKETT.

John T. Pickett.

John T. Pickett, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Kentucky Regiment, was born October 9, 1823, at the old stone house known as "Mill Glen," situated on the pleasant waters of the stream called Lawrence Creek, and not far from Maysville, Kentucky. The broad and fertile region drained by the Lawrence was, in early times, a breeding-place or nursery of soldierly men whose names are familiar throughout Kentucky, the first of whom was Simon Kenton; and it was in this region that young Pickett was reared, as well as born. This classic stream, which pays a perennial tribute of sacred soil to the Gulf of Mexico, is referred to by Henry T. Stanton, the poet, in the fine descriptive lines—

> "Where Lawrence, breaking thro' the hills,
> Beats down the lonesome hollows."

If there be anything in heredity, it must be evident that John T. Pickett came naturally by his soldierly qualities and marked military talents. He was descended from a line of soldiers. His great-grandfather, Captain William S. Pickett, a planter of Fauquier County, Virginia, was an officer of the Virginia line in the War of the Revolution; his grandfather, John Pickett, "of Fauquier," removed to Kentucky in early times, settling in Mason County, and advanced by regular promotion to a colonelcy in the military service of that State. He

drilled the first regiment of troops ever organized in Mason County. James C. Pickett, the father of John T. Pickett, was a captain in the regular army of the United States, and served as an artillery officer in the War of 1812; and he married the daughter of General Joseph Desha, who commanded the division of Kentucky troops which formed the famous "crochet" at the Battle of the Thames.

John T. Pickett studied law at the Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky. In 1841 he was appointed a cadet at West Point, but resigned before finishing the course, to accept a diplomatic appointment as United States Consul to the West Indies. In this capacity he served until 1848, when he became associated with Lopez in the movement to make Cuba free. From 1853 to 1861 he was United States Consul at Vera Cruz, Mexico. At the beginning of the Civil War he immediately espoused the cause of the South; and was at once (1861) appointed Secretary of the American Peace Commission, and not long afterward was made Confederate States Commissioner to Mexico. In 1862 he was appointed Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General John C. Breckinridge, and served to the end of the war. When peace came he settled in Washington, D. C., where he had married his wife—Miss Mary Key-

worth, daughter of Major Robert Keyworth, of that city. In the early "eighties" he had an attack of paralysis, which he did not long survive. He died October 18, 1884, and after a checkered and stormy career was laid to rest by the side of his father and his wife, in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington. He had been an old comrade in arms with that born viking, General Charles Frederick Henningsen, Liberator and Filibuster in many lands—a battle-scarred paladin who never feared the face of man—upon whose tomb Pickett caused to be inscribed those lines from Gil Blas which might as fittingly be inscribed upon his own:

"*Inveni Portum. Spes et fortuna valete! Sat me lusistis. . . . Ludite nunc alios.*"

Colonel John T. Pickett was no ordinary man; on the contrary, he possessed to a remarkable degree the attributes of true greatness. William H. Russell, the war correspondent of the *London Times,* who met him during our Civil War, described him as "a tall, good-looking man, of pleasant manners, and well educated. . . . He threw himself into the cause of the South with vehemence; it was not difficult to imagine he saw in that cause the realization of the dreams of empire in the South of the Gulf, and in the conquest of the islands of the sea, which have such a fascinating influence over a large portion of

the American people." The Washington correspondent of the *New York Sun*, under date of November 18, 1873, said of him: "He is a striking-looking man, fully six feet two inches in height, with a knightly appearance and demeanor which bring to mind the men of the sixteenth century." After the battle of Cardenas, Colonel Pickett had the distinction of having a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars offered for his head by the Captain-General of Cuba.

It is generally agreed that he was a man of striking personality. The portrait of him given in this work shows him soon after he had attained his majority—just a few years before the Cuban expedition. In addition to his magnificent height, he was slender, graceful, athletic, and possessed almost incredible powers of endurance. "He could tramp his forty miles without taking the starch out of his shirt-collar." He really had the "chiseled features" so often attributed by novelists to their heroes —fine, clear-cut, classical, and bold. It has been said that Joaquin Miller's poetic description of William Walker might be better applied to Colonel Pickett—

> "He was a brick, and brave as a bear;
> As brave as Nevada's grizzlies are,
> Or any lion, of anywhere.
> . . . . . .
> A piercing eye, a princely air,
> A presence like a chevalier,
> Half angel and half Lucifer."

Although at rare intervals he gave evidence of a spice of Diabolus in his composition, yet there was a daily beauty in his life which charmed all who came into contact with him; and some of the children who were gathered about him more than fifty years ago can testify to this day to the power of that charm.

The feat of John Graham, of Claverhouse, who saved the life of the Prince of Orange in battle by carrying him from the field on his horse, was scarcely more chivalric than the similar service rendered to General John C. Breckinridge by Colonel Pickett at the second battle of Cold Harbor. It was a fine exhibition of readiness, courage, soldierly devotion, and resource; as was, also, his action in the Logan incident at Cardenas.

Honorable John T. Richardson, of Tennessee, who is compiling the diplomatic correspondence of the Confederacy, is credited with saying that the letters from Colonel Pickett as Commissioner to Mexico are second in interest to none in the collection except the correspondence of Mason and Slidell. In these letters Colonel Pickett recites the tragic story of the ill-fated Maximilian.

In this place it is hardly necessary to particularize concerning Colonel Pickett's connection with the Tilden-Hayes imbroglio and his personal correspondence with Abram S. Hewitt; nor to make more than a passing men-

tion of his appeal to the Confederate Government, in the interest of foreign intervention, to free and arm the slaves—a suggestion that was seconded, when too late, by General Robert E. Lee. Colonel Pickett proposed "not to carry the war into Africa, but to carry Africa into the war."

It may be interesting to consider, even though briefly, the influences and conditions which determined the evolution of this young Kentuckian into a "Liberator" of the Spanish-American school. When his father, Honorable James C. Pickett, was sent on a diplomatic mission to South America, his boys were placed under the care of an uncle who lived at the old homestead, "Rose Hill," near Washington, in Mason County, Kentucky. The house (still standing, and still in the possession of the family) is a large brick one, and was built in 1798 for Colonel John Pickett of Fauquier. The attic of this ancestral home yielded to research many interesting old papers; and, to a bright, ambitious boy in the pregnant "thirties," the very atmosphere was full of stimulating tradition and speculation. John T. Pickett's thoughts turned as naturally to the Spanish main and the mouth of the Mississippi as the waters of his native Lawrence flowed to mingle with the waters of the Gulf. In pioneer days his grandfather had actively sympathized

"ROSE HILL."

THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE KENTUCKY PICKETTS, BUILT BY COLONEL JOHN PICKETT IN 1798.

with every project or movement to open the Mississippi to the transportation of the varied products of his plantation. His father's letters from South America were filled with references to Simon Bolivar, who had served on the staff of General Miranda when he commanded the Venezuelan forces—Miranda, the original filibuster, whose name is carved upon the *Arc de Triomphe* in Paris; and who, foreshadowing the fate of the filibusters of later days, died in a dungeon at Cadiz with a chain about his neck.

In this same school young Pickett was well trained for his later career. During his consular service in the West Indies he formed a most congenial intimacy with a daring and enthusiastic Liberator who was a friend of Bolivar, and had been an officer in the military service of Spain. If this Liberator seemed to be visionary and reckless, it was the extraordinary success of Bolivar that had helped to make him so. Bolivar successfully invaded the powerful State of Venezuela with an army of five hundred men, and was hailed as "the Washington of the South." There was good reason to hope that what Bolivar had done in Venezuela might as successfully be accomplished by Narciso Lopez in Cuba.

Colonel James C. Pickett, the father of our youthful Liberator, was an avowed expansionist; and while he

was the representative of the United States at Lima in the "forties" he officially encouraged the designs of Commodore Catesby Jones, United States Navy, to take California, in order to forestall its seizure by the British—an act of his which has been designated as "an usurpation of Congressional power."

So, having come under the attraction of all these influences, John T. Pickett, with his ardent nature and martial spirit, could hardly have escaped being a Liberator. But he cherished no illusions in regard to the Spanish-American character, nor of the capacity of the Spanish-American peoples for self-government.

Thomas T. Hawkins.

Thomas T. Hawkins, Major of the Kentucky Regiment, was descended from a family that had been prominent in Virginia almost from the settlement of Jamestown in 1607, and in Kentucky from the days when it was an unbroken wilderness. Green's *Historic Families of Kentucky* says that "Hawkins is a name noted in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and all the way to Texas, for the oddity of some and the gallantry of *all* its members. The wife of Colonel John Todd, who fell at the Blue Licks; the mother of the gallant and honorable Butlers, of Carrollton; Colonel Ben Hawkins and General William Hawkins, of North Carolina; Colonel John Hawkins, who was Adjutant of

COLONEL THOMAS T. HAWKINS.

the Third Virginia Regiment during the Revolution, and afterward removed to Scott County, Kentucky—father of Augustus Hawkins, of Lexington, and the maternal ancestor of the Harvies, of Frankfort; the brave Colonel Thomas T. Hawkins, of Kentucky, and General Joseph Hawkins, of Texas, were all of the same game breed." In the Civil War Thomas T. Hawkins received his first appointment as Lieutenant and aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General John C. Breckinridge, then commanding the "Orphan Brigade" of Kentucky Infantry. After the battle of Shiloh, when Breckinridge was made a Major-General, Hawkins was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He served during the war with marked gallantry as a staff officer. After the war he was an invalid until his death, which occurred at Frankfort in 1879. He was buried in the State lot at Frankfort by the side of his comrades in the Mexican War. He was born at Newport, Kentucky, in 1820.

Colonel Hawkins was an accepted authority on the subject of duelling. He was consulted about and entrusted with a number of cases in which such distinguished citizens as John C. Breckinridge and Stephen A. Douglas were concerned. It must be said to his credit, however, that while strictly guarding the honor of those he represented, he did all he could to settle the case without resort to the field of honor.

The Start of the Kentucky Regiment.

On April 4, 1850, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer *Martha Washington* swung from her moorings at the foot of Vine Street, in Cincinnati, having on board Captain Hardy and one hundred and fifty men of the Kentucky Regiment, who had assembled in that city as the most convenient rendezvous from which they could start for their long trip to Cuba. These men were ostensibly bound for Chagres, where, it was given out, they would cross the isthmus of Panama and then take shipping for the gold fields of California; but it was almost as well known locally that they were bound for Cuba as if they had advertised the fact in the newspapers. They took on other men of the command at Covington, and at Louisville Colonel O'Hara and the other officers and privates of the regiment came aboard. Passing leisurely down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in their assumed character of adventurers to the gold fields of California, on the eleventh of April they disembarked at Freeport, Louisiana, three miles above New Orleans; and the next day they marched down to Lafayette and went into temporary quarters until transportation to Cuba could be provided. By this time the regiment mustered two hundred and forty men, all told. While in waiting, a large number of them were guilty of an almost

fatal indiscretion in going to New Orleans on what they supposed to be a harmless, even if a mirthful and somewhat boisterous frolic. On the twenty-fifth the regiment embarked on the steamer *Georgiana*, and set sail for the island of Muergres, where they were to effect a junction with Lopez and the remainder of the expeditionary force.

The Disembarkation.

On the eighth of May, General Lopez and another section of his force left New Orleans on the steamer *Creole*, eluding all the vigilance of the Spanish Consul and his swarm of spies, who, although they were stationed on almost every corner watching Lopez's every movement, did not learn of his departure until the tenth.

The steamer *Susan Loud*, Captain Pendleton, had left New Orleans on the second of May, cleared for Chagres. On the sixth she reached latitude 26° north and longitude 87° west, in the Gulf, and here Colonel Wheat, commanding the Louisiana Regiment, which was on board one hundred and sixty strong, announced the purpose of the expedition, which had come to this point in order to organize outside the jurisdiction of the United States, which was at peace with Spain. *Here the Cuban flag was raised for the first time in history!*[1] The skeleton

[1] This flag is said to have been designed by Lopez, and is now the official flag of "Cuba Libre"—the same design having been used ever since by the Cuban patriots.

Louisiana Regiment was then fully officered and organized. On the tenth of May the *Susan Loud* met the *Creole* (Captain Lewis) at the appointed place in the Gulf. The *Creole* then conveyed, besides General Lopez and his staff, the Mississippi Regiment, one hundred and sixty strong, commanded by Colonel W. T. Bunch. The force on board the *Susan Loud* was here transferred to the *Creole*. Lopez persuaded Captain Pendleton, of the *Susan Loud*, to unite with him; and the *Creole* set sail for the island of Muergres, where O'Hara and the Kentucky Regiment were to meet the expedition. Some rough storms ensuing, it was discovered on the twelfth of May, when the coast of Yucatan was first sighted, that the *Creole* had been carried some thirty-five miles out of her way, from Muergres.

The Union of the Forces.

The *Georgiana* had also missed her reckoning, and had cast anchor under the shelter of the desolate island of Contoy, some ten miles from the coast of Yucatan and probably about thirty miles from the place that had been appointed for meeting with the *Creole*. At daylight on the fourteenth she was sighted here by the *Creole*, which joined her an hour or so later. As the detachment on the *Georgiana* was to be transferred to the *Creole* for the final essay on Cuba, the latter proceeded on the same day to

Muergres to lay in a supply of water, the *Georgiana* remaining at Contoy. During the day or two that was necessary for this purpose, some very evident and increasing signs of mutiny became apparent. The members of the Louisiana Regiment became dissatisfied because they thought the addition of the Kentucky Regiment would make too great a load for the *Creole*, which had been condemned in the Lake trade two years before. The members of the Mississippi Regiment were on the point of open revolt on account of the petulance and arbitrary conduct of their Lieutenant-Colonel, who, it was said, never seemed satisfied unless he had a quarrel with some one. Happily, Colonel Wheat and the other officers were able to completely pacify the men, and to render them as enthusiastic as ever for the forthcoming enterprise.

General Lopez immediately assembled the principal officers (Lieutenant-Colonel Pickett representing the absent Kentuckians), and submitted to them a Cuban Declaration of Rights, which was in many respects very similar to the American Declaration of Independence; together with the basis of a provisional government for which to raise the standard in Cuba; both of which were highly approved.

While at Muergres thirteen men deserted and raised the black flag. They were all foreign adventurers, or

worse, who had been recruited in New Orleans. Some of the officers wished to fire on them, but Lopez forbade it. He said he desired none to go with him except good men, and such as did so voluntarily; and that any who desired to abandon the expedition before reaching Cuba were at liberty to do so. As to the thirteen deserters, their subsequent adventures constitute quite a chapter of horrors.

On the eighteenth the *Creole* rejoined Colonel O'Hara at Contoy. He reported that on the previous day he had been reconnoitered by two small vessels, which had sailed away for Havana, as he thought, to report what they had seen. The two ships were lashed together, and the men and cargo of the *Georgiana* were soon transshipped to the *Creole*. General Lopez again offered all who desired to return to the United States an opportunity of doing so, and thirty men availed themselves of the offer. Within a day or two afterward the *Georgiana* was taken by the Spaniards, together with these luckless wights, and quite a large number of letters that had been written to sweethearts and wives by the Liberators, as the soldiers of the expedition called themselves. A day or two later all Havana was making merry over the contents of these letters, which had been translated, printed, and hawked about the streets of the city. The

Susan Loud was also captured by the Spaniards before she could get back to New Orleans, with the one man who had elected to abandon the expedition when she did. He had been married only a few days before he started on the expedition, and was pining for his bride. The Spaniards shot him.

At midnight on the sixteenth the *Creole* left the shelter of the lee shore of the island of Contoy, and put to sea, heading for Cuba; but it was necessary to keep her bow in the eye of the wind, and by this means she was thrown four points out of her way, which was the occasion of her avoiding the Spanish steamers *Pizarro* and *Habanero*, that had been sent from Havana to take her, and which did take the *Georgiana* the next day.

The Plan of Campaign.

After a very perilous and stormy night, the morning of the seventeenth dawned bright and clear. Lopez then officially announced his staff, headed by the distinguished and gallant A. J. Gonzales, a native of Matanzas, as Adjutant-General. He also on this day, for the first time, announced to his officers the plans of the campaign; which, briefly stated, were as follows:

First, to land at Cardenas at night, and surprise and take that place.

Second, to proceed to Matanzas, thirty miles distant, arriving at seven o'clock in the morning; and, after tak-

ing it, one hundred picked men were to be sent to within nine miles of Havana to blow up an important bridge there, and also to destroy and obstruct the road generally.

Third, these returning to Matanzas, the three skeleton regiments were to be filled up with native recruits, and three new regiments were to be raised, making an aggregate force of five thousand men, all of whom were to be mounted.

General Lopez expected that within two days after landing he would be able to take the line of march for an aggressive campaign at the head of thirty thousand men, and shortly to be encamped before Havana.

On the morning of the eighteenth, active preparations were begun for the expected disembarkation upon the shores of Cuba, as it was now apparent that this important act should not be long delayed. Some differences and disputes having arisen between the commanders of the three regiments as to which of them should have the honor of being foremost in landing his troops and striking the first blow for Cuban liberty, a council of war was convened to decide this delicate question. The boxes of arms were then for the first time opened, and the different regiments were given the choice of guns in the order in which it had been decided they should land. The Kentuckians, coming first, chose rifles; the

Mississippians chose yagers; the Louisianians took muskets; and each regiment actually got its first choice of arms. Nearly every man in the expedition had a knife and a revolver of his own providing.

Cardenas.

Cardenas is situated on the northwest coast of Cuba, some thirty miles from Matanzas and eighty-five miles from Havana. It was even then a town of considerable population, and was known in Cuba as "the American city," on account of the large number of Americans engaged in business in the town, as well as from the fact that the English language was almost universally spoken there. It is one of the most modern cities in Cuba, having been founded in 1828. It is situated directly on the bay of Cardenas, which is twelve miles long by eighteen miles wide, and was then, as now, entirely undefended by fortifications. The bay is so shallow near the shore that no anchorage ground can be found closer than three fourths of a mile to two miles.

At half-past two o'clock on the morning of May 19, 1850, the *Creole* entered the bay of Cardenas, but had not proceeded far before she grounded upon a coral reef, where it seemed likely she would stick indefinitely; but a daring young soldier named Faysoux swam off with a rope between his teeth to a neighboring little island,

by means of which the Liberators were enabled to approach, but not before there had been a delay of thirty minutes, during which the alarm had been given in the town; and it was believed (as afterward transpired to be a fact) that messengers had been sent to Matanzas to apprise the troops there of the invasion.

The Disembarkation.

The first landing was effected by Lieutenant-Colonel Pickett and sixty Kentuckians. *They were the first people who ever landed on Cuban soil for the distinct and avowed purpose of freeing the Cubans* from the bitter oppression to which they had been so long subjected by the cruel and bloody tyranny of Spain. According to the plan of battle which had been agreed upon, Pickett and his little force marched at once and took possession of the railway depot which afforded communication with Matanzas, so that in the event of a reinforcement of troops coming unexpectedly from that city by rail, they might be intercepted.

Colonel O'Hara and the remainder of the Kentucky Regiment, accompanied by General Lopez and his staff, were the next to land. Colonel O'Hara was sent to attack the barracks, in which some four hundred Spanish regulars were quartered. O'Hara's force amounted to one hundred and eighty men, exclusive of those who were with Pickett. The Louisiana Regiment landed

immediately after, one hundred and thirty strong, and was sent to assist O'Hara; as was also the Mississippi Regiment, about one hundred and forty-five men, as soon as it was landed.

The Battle of Cardenas.

His force being assembled, O'Hara ordered a charge upon the barracks, leading it in person; and at the first fire of the enemy he received a disabling wound, which barely escaped being mortal. He was the first man hit; so *his was the first foreign blood ever shed for Cuban liberty.* When he fell the intrepid Major Hawkins assumed the command and gallantly led another charge. At this point General Lopez came up and directed his men to cease firing; and he boldly marched up to the barracks, alone, and demanded a surrender. This was agreed to; the stout doors were opened, and the fortress yielded. But while this was transacting the most of the garrison had escaped through a side door leading into the plaza.

Colonel Wheat, of the Louisiana Regiment, being posted on a street in the rear of the barracks, supposed that the firing was a salute of honor to Lopez; and, raising a cheer for "Lopez and Liberty," he rushed through a side street with his men, in order to join in the jubilation. This brought him to the plaza, where he was fired upon by the retreating Spaniards; and he, also,

received a wound that disabled him. The fire of the Spaniards was returned and a number of them were killed, but their retreat was not checked; though shortly afterward they surrendered in a body.

The Governor of the town, Senor Ceruti, with a body of troops, took refuge in his palace, which was gallantly defended when attacked by the Louisiana Regiment and one company of the Kentuckians. The Governor called a parley, and offered to surrender the palace; but when the Americans rushed forward to take possession of it they were treacherously fired upon by some of its defenders. Several of the assailants were wounded, including General Gonzales. Lopez, becoming exasperated at the perfidy of Governor Ceruti, seized a firebrand, and, rushing into the entrance that had already been effected by his men, set fire with his own hands to the building. The defense of the palace, however, was continued as best it might be under the circumstances until eight o'clock the next morning, when the Governor and garrison surrendered unconditionally. Lopez's entire loss was three killed and nine wounded.

The Victory.

Lopez now held undisputed and peaceable possession of the town, and the Cubans flocked about him with every demonstration of sympathy and welcome; and, upon his solicitation, some forty or fifty of the captured Spanish regulars threw off

the livery of Spain, donned the red shirts of the Liberators, and were mustered into the Army of Deliverance. Many of the natives also joined him; and there appears to be little or no doubt that if circumstances had been such as to admit of his proceeding according to his original plan, the Cardenas Expedition might have succeeded in establishing the free republic of Cuba.

Colonel Pickett had not been idle at the Matanzas railway depot. He had seized upon all the rolling stock anywhere near it, and by the dawn of day had three locomotives fired up and cars ready to transport the entire force to Matanzas. But this was not to be. It was known to a certainty that the large force of troops at Matanzas had been advised of what was going on at Cardenas, and could not now be surprised according to the plan; and as they could not be surprised, then there was no hope of taking Matanzas. Lopez therefore determined to reship his men on board the *Creole* and head for Mantua, or some other point on the coast where he had personal friends; and where, as he had reason to believe, there were numerous friends to his cause, and from that point to begin the revolution anew.

The Retreat.

Therefore, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the twentieth of May, the troops were ordered on board the *Creole*, a movement which was effected only after considerable delay. While

the embarkation was going on, Colonel Pickett, with his sixty Kentuckians, remained on shore to hold the town. While on this duty a force of some six or seven hundred Spaniards, under the command of a major-general, came in from their encampment in the healthy highlands some nine miles distant. The first attack was made by a fine-looking body of mounted lancers, three hundred strong, who came down like a whirlwind upon Pickett's handful of Kentuckians. These stood their ground manfully, repulsing charge after charge, finally driving the enemy out of the town; when they too were embarked in safety upon the *Creole*. But the gallant Captain John A. Logan, scion of one of the most historic families of Kentucky, had been mortally wounded, and was borne aboard the ship in the arms of the chivalrous John T. Pickett and the knightly Thomas T. Hawkins, assisted by Augustine Martinas, a Mexican boy who had left his home and followed Captain Logan to Kentucky after the Mexican War was over. This lad's devotion to Captain Logan is said to have been touching. Logan died that day, and his body was committed to the deep. "Buried at sea, May 20, 1850," is the brief inscription on the cenotaph of this gallant man who gave his life for his fellow men.

When the Spanish troops made their dash into the streets of Cardenas that afternoon, the Cubans who had

been so patriotically demonstrative and so effusively gracious to their liberators only that morning, at once turned their coats, got their guns, and joined with the regulars in the attack on Pickett's devoted little band. Not that their hearts were in this treachery, perhaps, for doubtless they had been perfectly sincere in their welcome to the Liberators, but long and bitter experience with their Spanish masters had taught them that Cuba would not now suffice to hold them alive unless they could first demonstrate their loyalty to Spain by openly and actively showing hostility to the invaders. When the Spaniards had been driven out, Colonel Pickett recognized in one of their dead, left lying upon the street, a Cuban who had greeted him most cordially that morning, and in the sincerity of whose devotion to the Cuban cause he had the utmost faith. The man saw the Americans leaving, and the Spaniards coming, and he believed that he needs must turn his coat lest worse befall. The Spanish regulars who had joined Lopez remained with him, and were embarked upon the *Creole* along with the other troops. Lopez, so the Spaniards said, took a large sum of money from the public treasury of Cardenas. He certainly did take Governor Ceruti and two Spanish officers with him; but when well out at sea he hailed a passing fishing smack, upon which he placed

them; and then bidding them to be good boys and take care of themselves, he set them adrift to make their way back as best they might, a task which they safely and speedily accomplished.

Going out of Cardenas Bay, the *Creole* again went aground upon a sunken coral reef, and as it seemed impossible to get her off, and delay being dangerous, she was lightened by the casting overboard of all the heavy provisions, arms and ammunition. As this did not suffice to start her, the men were sent by boat to a little island near by. Being thus lightened, a press of steam was put on and the ship glided off the bar; and at half-past four in the afternoon she was again under way. The intention still was to head her for Mantua; but the men protested. They argued, and very wisely, that as their arms, munitions, and provisions were now at the bottom of the sea, it would be suicidal to attempt to prosecute the expedition further. Lopez wept, resigned his command, and desired to be landed alone in Cuba; the officers begged and expostulated, but the men remained firm in their determination to return to the United States. They had no objection, they said, to taking their chances in the fortunes of war when properly equipped, but they had no mind to offer themselves as helpless and useless sacrifices, as must inevitably be

the result if they should invade Cuba without arms or the sinews of war. By this time they were beginning to have their doubts as to whether the Cubans themselves would render any assistance in their own cause.

The *Creole* was therefore headed for Key West. At seven o'clock in the evening the Liberators found that they had missed the northwest passage, through which they had intended to go. They afterward considered this providential, when they learned that the *Pizarro* was quietly waiting for them in that pass, and would undoubtedly have sunk them, or made them prisoners, had they gone there.

The Stern Chase.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first of May, when within forty miles of Key West, which they could reach in about four hours, they perceived the smoke of the steamer *Pizarro* on the northwestern horizon, and nearer to Key West than they were. An hour later they were within thirty miles of Key West, carrying all the steam they dared, and more than was safe. They must outsail the *Pizarro* or they were lost; for to their right was a chain of islands, on the reefs of which they would go aground should they attempt flight in that direction; and on the left was the *Pizarro*, nearing them rapidly. It was apparent that she could outsail them, and great uneasiness

was felt by all. But the *Creole* had such a lead that, notwithstanding the *Pizarro's* greater speed, she would be unable to come up with the little ship until she had approached within five or six miles of Key West; and not even then, unless the Spaniard could get a pilot.

Lopez hastily summoned a council of war to determine what should be done in the event (which seemed imminent) of the *Pizarro* coming up with them. In the midst of the council a pistol fell, and exploding, the bullet passed through Major Hawkins' leg. Without the movement or twitching of a muscle to betray the pain he felt, he sat still until the council adjourned. The decision was reached that in case the *Pizarro* should overtake them they would grapple with her and board her, as they still had their pistols and knives; and in the event of not holding their own in this unequal contest, then they would blow up the *Creole* and destroy themselves and the Spaniard together, rather than be taken. Major Hawkins' companions had no suspicion that he was wounded until the council adjourned.

Barrels of resin and unlimited supplies of coal were piled into the *Creole's* furnaces, and caution and prudence were thrown to the winds and forgotten. Although the *Pizarro* was the speedier ship, yet the Americans

were now confident that the *Creole* could beat her into Key West—if nothing broke!

Nearing Key West, the *Pizarro*, not knowing her way, stopped to pick up a pilot. The man knew well enough what was in the wind, and as his sympathies were with the Americans, he parleyed and dilly-dallied in order to give the *Creole* a still greater lead, until the commander of the *Pizarro* finally took him by force, and ordered him upon the peril of his life to catch the *Creole*. He soon discovered that he could do this, as the *Pizarro* could outrun her chase, and he then ran the Spaniard aground. This saved the Cuban Liberators, who went churning and frothing through the waves under a powerful head of steam into Key West harbor. They paid not the slightest attention to the port warden and health officer, who met them at the quarantine station and ordered them to stop, but kept straight on; and running about two hundred yards beyond the wharf, cast anchor, the long and desperate chase being over. They did not dream that the Spaniard would have the effrontery to enter an American harbor and attempt to take them there. But, before their anchor was fairly down, they saw the *Pizarro* steaming right into the harbor and bearing directly down upon them. At the distance of between three and four hundred yards she brought her broadside

to bear upon the *Creole*, with the unmistakable intention of raking her; but the United States ship, *The Petrel*, lay just beyond the *Creole*. Her commander, Lieutenant Rogers, ran up the stars and stripes, and then the Spaniard did not dare to fire. In the meantime the *Creole* unshipped her anchor and made the wharf, and within five minutes afterward the Liberators were all ashore, and scattered throughout the town.

The captain of the *Pizarro*, with some of his officers, also came ashore; and seeking out the United States Marshal, who had been standing on the wharf an interested spectator of these exciting incidents, he asked, with all the insolence he could command:

"Why did you permit those pirates to land at Key West?"

"If it comes to that," retorted the Marshal, "why did you permit them to land at Cardenas?"

Many of the members of the expedition were stranded at Key West with little or no money; and it was some weeks before they were all supplied so they could return to their homes. Lopez himself was shortly afterward arrested at Savannah on the charge of leading a hostile expedition from the shores of the United States against a power with which this country was at peace; but as

no testimony was submitted in support of the charge, he was acquitted.

In its general results the Cardenas Expedition was considered a success by its friends, and by the people at large in the United States; so hardly a moment was lost in making preparations for another expedition, which, it was hoped, would accomplish all that was desired.

III

THE BAHIA HONDA EXPEDITION

The results of the Cardenas Expedition having been satisfactory, so far as they went, and as it was believed that the expedition would actually have resulted in the establishment of Cuban independence, except that the plans miscarried by premature exposure, General Lopez had no great difficulty in again exciting considerable interest in his project among the people of the United States, and more especially in the Southern States. In all his efforts to this end he was ably seconded by Mr. L. J. Sigur, an exiled Cuban patriot of wealth, who was one of the principal owners of the *New Orleans True Delta*. This paper had a wide circulation in the South, and it bent all its energies and exerted all its influence toward building up an interest in Cuban independence that would result in strong expeditions of armed men from the United States going to Cuba to assist in the establishment of the purposed Cuban republic.

In the meantime, the agents of Lopez were also active in the island of Cuba, stirring up the natives to the point of open revolt, they being assured that they would be strongly supported by armed forces from the United

States in any attempt they might make to throw off the yoke of Spain.

An Alleged Revolt in Cuba.

It was extensively published in the United States that in July, 1851, the patriots of the town of Puerto Principe had arisen in revolt, and that on the fourth of the same month large numbers of them from this and other towns had met at Cascorro and issued a declaration of Cuban independence. A provisional government was established under the leadership of Don Joaquin de Aguero, and patriotic circulars were disseminated throughout the island urging the natives to rise and strike a blow for liberty. Lopez was formally invited to come over from the United States with such force as he could bring from thence, and to assume charge of the patriot army, as its general. Town after town pronounced for free Cuba, the principal ones being Puerto Principe, Libanicu, Cienfuegos, Villa Clara, Trinidad, Santa Espiritu, and Las Tunas, the latter being for a time the capital of the provisional government. All this was published in the American newspapers, but it is believed now that there was very little, if any, foundation for any of it. It was also reported that the patriot army had enlisted several thousand men; and that these, although poorly armed and equipped, had practically won all the engagements they had had with the

government troops. It was even published that four companies of Spanish regulars had gone over to the patriots in a body; and there was a feeling that nearly all of them then in the island would take advantage of the first favorable opportunity for doing the same thing. There seemed to be very good grounds for believing that the Spanish authorities in Havana had very little faith in the loyalty and fidelity of their own troops.

Organizing the Expedition.

At this juncture General Lopez, who for more than a year had been working to bring matters to this pass, began to assemble and organize his forces in the United States. During the month of July, 1851, his unorganized recruits were given the word to assemble quietly in New Orleans, where they were secretly organized into companies and regiments, the officers of which were regularly commissioned. Mr. Sigur, of the *New Orleans Delta*, appears to have been the moving spirit of the whole affair; and it seems that he told the members of the proposed expedition that a revolt was regularly organized among the Creoles throughout Cuba; that they had elected General Lopez their leader; and that their object was to free Cuba from the tyranny of Spain, and either form a republic of their own or annex the island to the United States. He also told them that the expedition Lopez was about to take

to Cuba would consist of some five hundred Americans; that his landing was to be the signal for a general rising throughout the island; and that within ten days after landing he would be at the head of an army of ten thousand men.

The Kentucky Regiment.

General Lopez had made arrangements by which a splendid regiment of more than six hundred Kentuckians, under his gallant young friend, Major Thomas T. Hawkins, was to arrive in New Orleans about the time he had first set for his own departure for Cuba. His departure, however, was precipitated by the accounts of the Principe, Trinidad, and other risings; and instead of going to Cuba with the Kentucky Regiment, which had been organized for the expedition and was composed of the very best materials, he left that regiment to follow as a reinforcement, carrying with him a body of men who were really raised in New Orleans within forty-eight hours. Major Hawkins, with Colonel J. T. Pickett, arrived in New Orleans the day after Lopez's departure; and the regiment (nearly seven hundred men, all Kentuckians) arrived a few days afterward, on the evening of the ninth and the morning of the tenth of August. Lopez's parting directions were not to let Hawkins lose twenty-four hours in starting. Pickett and Hawkins were all impatience to go—Hawkins

generously resigning to his friend Pickett the rank in the regiment which was to have been his own.

The original arrangement was that Colonel William Logan Crittenden was to command the Kentucky Regiment; but when Lopez's departure was precipitated by the accounts from Cuba, and he determined to convert this regiment into a reinforcement (instead of its forming the body of the main expedition, as was at first intended), Crittenden was not willing to be left behind, and hastily raised a small body of men, with the gallant Victor Ker and a few others of the flower of the young men of New Orleans, with whom he accompanied the expedition. The understanding then was that he would either have the command of a regiment of artillery, or else take command of the Kentucky Regiment which had been raised by Hawkins, under the direction of Lopez, through Crittenden; and which was expected to follow close upon Lopez's heels.

Major Louis Schlesinger, of Hungary (late of Kossuth's band of defeated Hungarian patriots), who accompanied Lopez in this expedition, wrote afterward that "the Kentucky regiment was a most noble body of men—intelligent, steady, and reliable for anything; men from whom the strictest subordination and intelligent obedience could always have been looked for without fear of dis-

appointment. Such men were these Kentuckians that, during the riots which followed the news of the Atares massacre, the city authorities of New Orleans actually committed chiefly to them the protection of the city by placing arms in the hands of five hundred of them for that purpose, in preference to calling on their own militia. Their conduct merited and received the highest praise from all quarters. Intelligence and self-respect supplied the place of discipline and training, and veteran troops could not have better obeyed and executed every order of their officers."

The Expeditionary Force.

Major Schlesinger, in April, 1851, had recruited in New York City several hundred refugee Hungarian and Polish patriots for the Bahia Honda Expedition, but they were prevented from sailing for New Orleans by the United States authorities. Major Schlesinger was arrested and held for trial; but as the trial was postponed for several months he, in the meantime, went to New Orleans and joined the expedition that left there in August.

Lopez could not speak English, and he offered the command of the expedition first to Jefferson Davis, then a United States Senator, who declined, and recommended Robert E. Lee, then a major in the United States army, who also declined.

The force that actually sailed for Cuba was constituted as follows:

General and staff: General Lopez, commander-in-chief; General Pragay, chief of staff and second in command; Colonel Blumenthal, Major Schlesinger, Captain Radnitz, Lieutenant Lewohl, Lieutenant Rekendorf (all Hungarians, except Lopez), Doctor Fourniquet, surgeon, and Gilman A. Cook, commissary.

First Regiment of Infantry, under Colonel Robert L. Downman and Lieutenant-Colonel Haynes, consisting of Companies A, B, C, D, E, and F, the respective captains of which were Ellis, Johnson, Brigham, Gouti (or Gotay), Jackson, and Stewart; two hundred and nineteen, all told. Colonel Downman had served with distinction in the Mexican War.

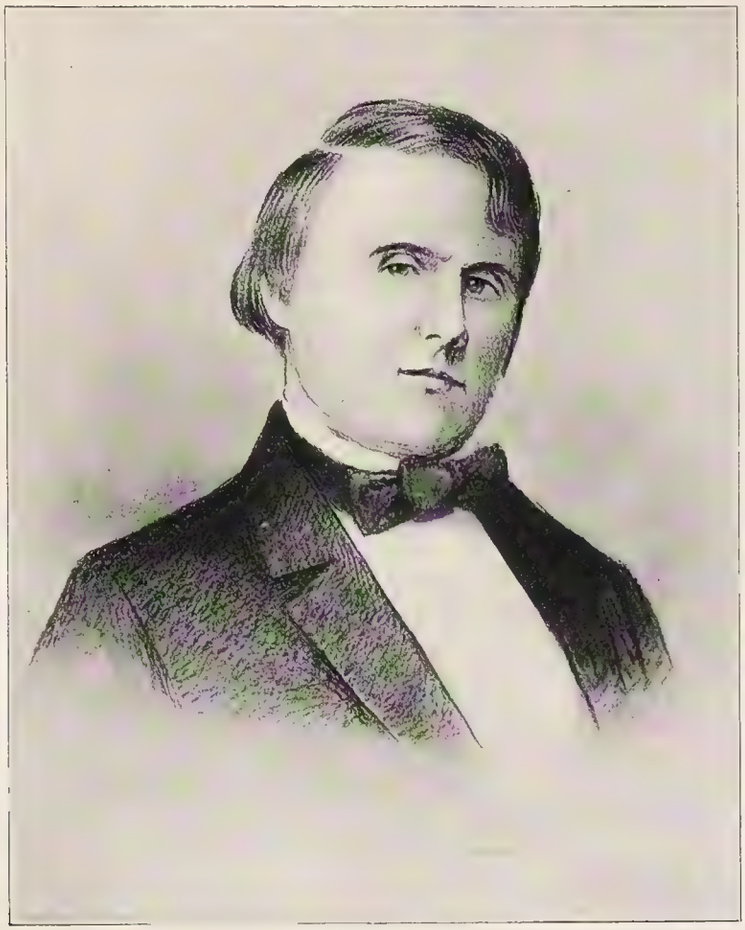
First Regiment of Artillery, under Colonel Crittenden, consisting of Companies A, B, and C, under Captains Kelly, Sanders, and Ker, respectively; one hundred and fourteen strong.

A nominal regiment of Cubans, called the First Regiment of Cuban Patriots, commanded by Captain Oberto.

An independent company of Cubans, forty-nine strong.

Nine Germans and nine Hungarians, under Captain Schlict.

If transportation could have been secured to carry them to Cuba, thousands of men could have been



COLONEL WILLIAM LOGAN CRITTENDEN.

recruited in New Orleans. As it was, when they reached Balize, Lopez sent back a number of his men, as the ship was overcrowded.

Colonel William L. Crittenden.

Colonel William Logan Crittenden was a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point; had served with distinction and conspicuous gallantry in the Mexican War; and he resigned his commission in the regular army of the United States for the purpose of accompanying Lopez in the expedition for freeing Cuba; accepting in the meantime, however, a position in the custom house at New Orleans. He was descended from the most distinguished families of Virginia and Kentucky. His paternal grandfather, John Crittenden, had served with distinction as major of a Virginia regiment in the Revolutionary War, and was among the earlier settlers of Kentucky; his maternal grandfather was the intrepid Colonel John Allen, who fell at the River Raisin in 1813; and one of his great-grandfathers was General Benjamin Logan, the bravest and the best of all the early Kentucky pioneers. About the time that Colonel William Logan Crittenden resigned from the United States army to cast his lot with Lopez, his uncle, the eloquent and distinguished John J. Crittenden, resigned his seat as Governor of Kentucky to accept the position of Attorney-General of the United States.

Lopez could have had no more valuable acquisition to his cause than Colonel Crittenden, who was so highly connected in the United States, socially, politically, and officially; and who united in his own person all the qualifications necessary for the prosecution of an heroic and desperate undertaking. He was at that time just about twenty-eight years old, tall, handsome, talented, a born hero, a born soldier, and brave beyond compare.

When Colonel Crittenden started on the expedition, General Felix Houston remained on the *Pampero* until she sailed. He said Crittenden then told him he was satisfied that an expedition at that time was premature, but that matters had progressed too far for him to withdraw with honor, and that he felt he must go on.

The Embarkation.

This expedition, which is known in history as the Bahia Honda Expedition, left New Orleans at daybreak on the morning of Sunday, August 3, 1851, in the steamer *Pampero*, which Mr. Sigur had purchased for seventy-five thousand dollars, out of his own funds, for the purpose. Her engines being out of order, she had to be towed to the mouth of the river; and she remained there until the sixth, leaving at five o'clock in the afternoon that day, through the northeast pass. It was then understood that the intention was to go to Key West and there take on a pilot

for the River St. Johns, at which place they were to embark a battery of light artillery with caissons, ammunition, and harness complete, together with a number of cavalry saddles; and from thence they were to run to the south side of Cuba and land as near as possible to the town of Puerto Principe—probably at Santa Cruz, its nearest port. This town was in the very midst of the disaffected and rebellious section of the island, and was in the general region where, as had been published in the United States, quite a considerable force of patriots were already organized and under arms. Had Lopez carried out his original intention of landing on this part of the island, the result of the expedition might have been wholly different; for he might there have found friends, and no doubt could have raised sufficient force to maintain himself until reinforcements could be sent from the United States.

A Council of War.

The *Pampero* reached Key West on the tenth of August, anchoring some distance from the town for reasons of state. No pilot could be found, so about dusk the general called a council of war, composed entirely of the Cubans and Hungarians on his staff or among his line officers. Of the Hungarians there were several who had served with the army of liberation in Hungary, under Kossuth, and who had been

compelled to leave their native land after the failure of their cause. The most distinguished of these were General John Pragay and Colonel Blumenthal. Captains Victor Ker, of Crittenden's regiment, and James Ellis, of the infantry, had also fought with Kossuth for Hungarian independence, going from America to Hungary for that purpose.

No American officers, it is said, were called to sit with this council of war, which fact seems strange indeed, since if the enterprise was to succeed at all it must be mainly through the efforts and influence of the Americans. The deliberations of the council resulted in a determination to give up going to the St. John's River—thus leaving the expedition entirely without artillery—and to run immediately for the north coast of Cuba, which was done about ten o'clock that night. It is stated that the trip to St. John's was abandoned because the ship was insufficiently coaled, and that either the trip to St. John's had to be omitted, or the expedition abandoned.

Lopez Deceived.

It is stated that when Lopez arrived at Key West he found awaiting him there a letter from a well-known speculator in Havana, in whom he had confidence, informing him falsely that the people of the Vuelta Abijo and of Pinar del Rio were

MORO CASTLE IN HAVANA.

in full revolt, and that he would accordingly do well to go there with his force. This advice he determined to follow, not suspecting its treachery, or that it was a trap set for him by Captain-General de la Concha.

Nearing Cuba.

When day dawned on the eleventh they found that owing to the variation of the compass, from muskets having been stacked near it, they were several points out of their course, and within plain view of the Moro Castle, at Havana, which was only some ten miles distant. Supposing themselves unseen from the Castle, they immediately headed to the northward and westward, and were soon out of sight of land. As a matter of fact, however, they had been sighted and signaled from the Moro; and upon their suspicious retreat the Spanish vessel *Pizarro*, then in Havana harbor, was sent out to investigate, but being delayed did not come within sight of the *Pampero* that day.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Lopez came up with the Spanish schooner *Cecilia*, out of which he took the captain and mate to act as pilots, giving them to understand that they would be shot if they showed any disposition to escape or deceive. An hour later he again stood in for land; and as soon as it was dark sent a boat in shore to reconnoiter, which was hailed by a sentry on the walls of a fort situated near Bahia Honda, the ship

being not more than a mile from it. The boat then returned to the ship and reported. Immediately all lights on board were extinguished, a press of steam was put on, and the vessel was run to the westward along the coast. About ten o'clock, while running in charge of a pilot and under a full head of steam, the ship suddenly struck; and before the engine could be stopped, had run more than her length upon a coral reef. After examining her situation it was found that she was lying in about eight feet of water, while her draft was more than nine feet; and that it was necessary the force should be landed immediately. This was done with all possible despatch. The first boats that approached the shore were fired upon by a party of about twenty civilians, who incontinently fled when their fire was returned from the boat, which contained Captain Gouti (a Cuban commanding an American company), Lieutenant Laningham, and about thirty privates of his company. One of Gouti's men was wounded in the arm, and returned to the ship. Lieutenant Laningham's cap was cut into halves upon his head by a musket ball.

Welcomed with Bloody Hands.

So, instead of finding the Creoles their friends, the little army of Liberators received as the first salutation from the people they had come to free, a volley of musketry fired with the most hostile and deadly intent. They found no large

body of enthusiastic friends, with horses, stores, and supplies for their use, as they had been led to expect. Instead of finding the Creoles their friends, they found them their most bitter enemies—much more so than the Spanish troops were, as after events were to prove. The Creoles, or native Cubans, it is said, kept the government troops constantly informed of the movements of the Liberators; hanging upon their flanks, and putting to death without hesitation and without mercy all who straggled or fell behind upon the march.

The Disembarkation.

About two o'clock on the morning of the twelfth of August the last of Lopez's little army were disembarked upon the shores of Cuba. They were just four hundred and fifty-three strong, all told. The landing was effected at the village of Morillos, some twelve miles west of Bahia Honda, and seventy miles from Havana. The *Pampero* immediately returned to Key West, making the trip in safety. While going into Bahia Honda harbor she had been sighted by the *Pizarro*, which was on the lookout for her, and which steamed at once to Havana and gave the alarm. Preparations were immediately begun there to embark eight hundred men upon the *Pizarro*, to go without delay to Bahia Honda; to be followed, as soon as they could be embarked, by as many more troops as could be crowded

upon two other vessels then available, the *Habanero* and the *Almendares*.

The men of the expedition were armed with condemned muskets, and had no rifles; but many of them had revolvers and knives of their own. They afterward took an abundance of guns and cartridges from the Spaniards.

Lopez Marches into the Interior.

At daylight Lopez sent a pronunciamento to Las Pozas, a small village about ten miles from the coast, in which he informed the inhabitants there that he was about to march to that place, and would give an opportunity to all who desired the freedom of Cuba to join him. He set out at eight o'clock to march to Las Pozas, taking with him the regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel Downman, composed of three hundred and twenty-three men; and leaving Colonel Crittenden at Morillos with one hundred and thirty men. No means had been found at this village for transporting the baggage and stores into the interior; so the General commanded Colonel Crittenden to remain there and protect the stores, consisting of one hundred thousand musket cartridges, three thousand muskets, and seven hundred pounds of powder in kegs, together with the personal baggage of all the officers. Lopez was to send back wagons or other means of trans-

portation from Las Pozas, where he said he would remain until Crittenden could join him. He sent no wagons back; and Colonel Crittenden, after a good deal of trouble, succeeded in getting possession of two large carts, each drawn by a single yoke of oxen, upon which the stores were loaded. It was found the loads were so heavy that they could not be drawn by single yokes of oxen. Colonel Crittenden was then under the necessity of sending out and securing two more yoke of oxen, which caused considerable delay. It was not until eleven o'clock at night that he was able to leave Morillos and set out to join Lopez at Las Pozas.

In the meantime, the *Pizarro* had reached Bahia Honda and had landed eight hundred Spanish troops, under the command of Lieutenant-General Enna; who, receiving full information of Lopez's movements, as well as of Crittenden's situation, at once took up his line of march for San Miguel, a hamlet between Morillos and Las Pozas, intending thus to get in between the two sections of the Liberator army, and then destroy each in detail. Enna's troops left Bahia Honda at about the same time that Crittenden's left Morillos.

The Fight at San Miguel.

The carts being heavily loaded and the roads very bad, Crittenden's progress was necessarily quite slow, his advance being at the rate of about a mile an hour. About daylight on

the morning of the thirteenth he reached the hamlet of San Miguel, which did not consist of more than a store and a grog shop. This was about four miles from Las Pozas. The advance guard halted here, and the main body came up; but the rear guard and the carts were still a quarter of a mile behind. The men stopped here to breakfast, at which they were busily engaged, their arms being laid aside, when they were surprised by the report of a volley of musketry and the whistling of balls over their heads. These, it was found, proceeded from a body of Enna's troops, which they estimated to be five hundred strong. The Americans at once seized their guns and fired upon the enemy, killing nine and taking one prisoner, none of their own men being injured. The Spanish troops immediately fell back precipitately; and, not appearing again after the lapse of some little time, Colonel Crittenden decided that it was merely a foraging party that had attacked him; and the rear guard and the carts having come up, he ordered the men to resume their breakfast. Nothing loth, they fell to with energy; and, after about ten minutes, they were attacked again by the whole force of the enemy, who had the advantage of position, being posted on the brow of a hill overlooking the American line, with a belt of chapparal some three hundred yards wide intervening,

over which the Americans could not fire. Colonel Crittenden immediately gave the order to charge, leading himself, and forced the Spaniards to fall back to a large body of chapparal some seventy-five or eighty yards in the rear of their first position. From this vantage ground they opened a heavy fire upon the Americans as soon as they appeared upon the brow of the hill. Finding he could not maintain this position, Crittenden ordered a retreat to the hamlet, while Enna resumed his first position upon the hill, and again opened fire. Crittenden then ordered a second charge, at the same time sending a portion of his little force to flank the enemy on the right, and to charge from that side at the same moment that he charged from the front. This was attempted; but the result of the movement was to let the enemy in between the two sections of the little force. Captain J. A. Kelly, who made the flank attack, managed to fight his way through the Spanish lines; and, being cut off from Crittenden, whom he could not now assist, he succeeded in effecting a junction with Lopez, at Las Pozas, with his detachment of eighty men, abandoning the baggage and stores.

Captain Kelly was welcomed heartily by Lopez when he reached Las Pozas with his troops. Kelly had expected to find Crittenden there, but not doing so, he

wished the whole force to go back and ascertain what had become of him, as he had some of the best men of the command with him. To this Lopez objected, on the ground that he had sent two companies to Crittenden's relief, but it was impossible for them to get to him through the Spanish lines. He added that his troops were already under marching orders, and it was absolutely necessary that he should leave there without delay, as he would again be attacked by the Spanish troops in the morning, with artillery. He intended to make for the mountains, where he expected to meet some Cuban troops who were said to be in arms there.

The Fate of Crittenden and His Men.

Colonel Crittenden and his detachment of fifty men were completely surrounded; but, fighting gallantly and against heavy odds, they cut through the enemy's line toward the coast, and took refuge in the dense chapparal; and as they could not be dislodged from thence, they were not molested further at that time, the whole force of the enemy going on to join in the operations against Lopez at Las Pozas. This was on the thirteenth of August. Crittenden made several attempts to join Lopez, and might have done so had not the latter, on the fourteenth, retreated hastily from Las Pozas into the mountains. After wandering about in the chapparal for two days,

on the fifteenth Crittenden and his men entered the town of Morillos at ten o'clock in the morning, and put to sea in four small fishing boats they found there. They hoped to be picked up by an American vessel, or else to make their way to Key West or to Yucatan, neither of which was more than one hundred miles from where they started. One man of the party, Daniel Gano, of New York, refused to go into the boats, and fled to the mountains, where he was taken prisoner after Concha's proclamation of quarter to the invaders had been published. When well out at sea they were sighted by the Spanish steamer *Habanero*, which gave chase and came up with them near the pass of the Alcranes, about two miles from the banks of a desolate reef.

They were fired upon by the Spaniards, and returned the fire; but seeing that the artillery carried by the *Habanero* could hardly fail to sink their boats, they proposed to the officer in command, Senor Bustillo, the General of Marine, an officer nearly equal in rank to the Captain-General of Cuba himself, that they would surrender on the condition that their lives were spared, and that they should be treated in all respects as prisoners of war. These terms were agreed to, and upon these terms they surrendered. The Captain-General of Cuba, Senor Jose de la Concha, chose to utterly disregard the

terms of the surrender; and this he did upon the ground that the General of Marine "had no business to make terms with *pirates*." Admiral Bustillo's force, that effected this capture, consisted of three hundred and fifty soldiers and sailors.

The *Habanero*, with the exultant captors and unhappy captives, reached Havana at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth of August. The victims were there immediately transferred on board the ship *Esperanza*, where they were tried by a drumhead court martial, and ordered to be shot at once. It is said that at first it was the intention to execute only one out of every five of these unfortunate prisoners, but that they all had to be shot to appease the thirst for blood of "the loyal Catalans," a body of Spanish traders in Havana who were rapidly acquiring great fortunes through systematic robbery of the native Cubans.

The Captain-General issued the following proclamation, ordering the execution of Colonel Crittenden and his fifty comrades—fifty-one men in all:

"The fate which must befall pirates who dare to profane the soil of this island, having been expressed in the general orders of the 20th of April last, and subsequently republished, and the declaration of the fifty individuals who have been apprehended by the most excellent Señor Commandant of this Apostodero, and placed at my disposition, having been received, and it being apparent from this that the persons arrested belonged to the horde headed by the traitor

Lopez, I have resolved, in accordance with the directions in the royal ordinance, general laws of the kingdom, and especially in the general order of June 12th of the year before last, issued to meet this particular contingency, that this day the said persons, whose names are expressed in the subjoined list, shall suffer death by being shot; the direction of the execution being confided to Señor Lieutenant Rey, of the Plaza."

The "Strong in Heart."

The fifty-one victims of Spanish malice whose names were appended to this order consisted of forty Americans (Kentuckians predominating), four Irishmen, two Cubans, two Hungarians, one Italian, one Scotchman, and one Philippine Islander. Their names, to some extent, appeared differently in the lists that were published in the United States, and in the following list the variations are indicated by being inclosed in brackets:

OFFICERS.

Colonel William Logan Crittenden.
Captain Victor Ker.
Captain Fred S. Sawyer.
Captain T. S. Vesey (J. B. Veasey).
Lieutenant James Brandt.
Lieutenant John O. Bryce.
Lieutenant Thomas C. James.
Adjutant R. C. Stanford.
Surgeon H. Forniquet (Tourniquet).
Hospital Steward John Fisher.
Sergeant Napoleon Collins (Colling).
Sergeant A. M. Crockett (Cotchett).
Sergeant G. M. Green.
Sergeant J. M. Salmon.
Sergeant J. A. Witherens.

PRIVATES.

George W. Arnold.
M. H. Ball.
P. Barrourk (Baronk).
James Bylet.
Robert Caldwell.
Robert Cantley (Cundley).
John Chilling.
John Christides (Cristides).
E. T. Collins (E. J.).
Gilman A. Cook.
Patrick Dillon.
James Ellis.
N. H. Fisher.
Thomas Hartnett (Harnett).
Thomas Hearsey.
Anselmo Torres Hernandez.
William Hogan.
William H. Holmes.
S. C. Jones (S. S.).
William B. Little.
Alexander McIlcer (McIlser).
James L. Manville (James R.).
Samuel Mills.
William Niceman (Niseman).
M. Phillips.
Samuel Reed.
Charles A. Robinson.
A. Ross (Roys).
Edward Rulman.
John G. Sanka (Sunks).
C. C. William Smith (C. W.).
James Stanton.
John J. Stubbs.
James Tantum.
H. T. Vienne (Vinne).
B. J. Uregy (Wregy).

The prisoners asked to be allowed to see the American Consul, but this was denied them. They were curtly informed that they were outlaws and pirates, without any country to whose protection they could appeal, or any flag except the Jolly Roger. However, they were graciously given half an hour in which such of them as were disposed might write letters to their friends. Most of them availed themselves of this opportunity; and their letters were taken in charge and afterward faithfully delivered by Mr. Antonio da Costa, a Spanish merchant with houses in both New Orleans and Havana, who per-

sonally knew many of them, and of whose loyalty to Spain the Spanish authorities at Havana had no doubt.

Colonel Crittenden's Letter.

The letter that Colonel William Logan Crittenden wrote on that occasion to his friend, Doctor Lucien Hensley, may serve as the truest index to his nature. It breathes a spirit of real heroism, without the slightest suspicion of bravado. After reading it one does not doubt that he died "Strong in Heart." It was stained with blood, from his lacerated wrists; and was as follows:[1]

SHIP OF WAR ESPERANZA, August 16, 1851.

Dear Lucien:

In half an hour I with fifty others am to be shot. We were taken prisoners yesterday. We were in small boats. General Lopez separated the balance of the command from me. I had with me about one hundred. Was attacked by two battalions of infantry and one company of horse. The odds were too great, and strange to tell, I was not furnished with one single musket cartridge. Lopez did not get any artillery. I have not the heart to write to any of my family. If the truth ever comes out you will find that I did my duty and have the perfect confidence of every man with me. We had retired from the field and were going to the sea, and were overtaken by the Spanish steamer Habanero, and captured. Tell General Houston that his nephew got separated from me on the 13th, the day of the fight, and that I have not seen him since. He may have straggled off and joined Lopez, who advanced rapidly to the interior. My people, however, were entirely surrounded on every side. We saw that we had been deceived grossly, and were making for the United States when taken. During my short sojourn in this island I have not met a single patriot.

[1]This letter is still in existence, and is in the possession of ex-Governor Thomas T. Crittenden, of Missouri.

We landed some forty or fifty miles to the westward of this, and I am sure that in that part of the island Lopez has no friends. When I was attacked Lopez was only three miles off. If he had not been deceiving us as to the state of things he would have fallen back with his forces and made fight. Instead of which he marched immediately to the interior. I am requested to get you to tell Mr. Green, of the custom house, that his brother shares my fate. Victor Ker is also with me; so, also, Standford. I recollect no others of your acquaintance present. I will die like a man. My heart has not failed me yet. Nor do I believe it will. Communicate with my family. Tell my friend on Philippa street that I had better have been persuaded to stay; that I have not forgotten him, and will not in the moment of death. This is an incoherent letter, but the circumstances must excuse me. My hands are swollen to double their thickness, resulting from having been too tightly corded for the last eighteen hours. Write to Whistlar; let him write to my mother. I am afraid that the news will break her heart. My heart beats warmly toward her now. Farewell. My love to all my family. I am sorry that I die owing a cent, but it is inevitable.

Yours, Strong in Heart,

W. L. Crittenden.

He then wrote the following lines to his uncle, Honorable John J. Crittenden, at that time Attorney-General of the United States:

Dear Uncle:

In a few minutes some fifty of us will be shot. We came here with Lopez. You will do me the justice to believe that my motives were good. I was deceived by Lopez. He, as well as the public press, assured me that the island was in a state of prosperous revolution. I am commanded to finish writing at once. I will die like a man.[1]

[1]See Appendix for letters of several of Colonel Crittenden's companions.

The Massacre.

After writing the farewell letters to their friends, the unfortunate men were carried to Castle Atares, at the head of Havana harbor, about three quarters of a mile from the city of Havana, for execution; and it was upon the slope of the hill in front of this fortification that they bravely met their fate.

They were marched down the *Esperanza's* gangway, one by one, stripped to trousers and shirt, some even without shirts, bareheaded, and their hands tied tightly behind their backs—"a pale train, hurried by the minions of despotism toward the realm of ghosts." From the ship's gangway they walked into a ferry boat, which carried them to the place of execution. One who witnessed the scene said: "I never saw men (and could scarcely have supposed it possible) conduct themselves at such an awful crisis with the fortitude these men displayed. . . . A finer looking body of young men I never saw. They made not a single complaint, not a murmur against their cruel fate."

The United States ship *Albany* was in Havana harbor at the time, anchored about two hundred and fifty yards from the *Esperanza;* and the sailors belonging to her were thrown into a state of violent excitement when they saw those gallant Americans filing into the ferry

boat, to be carried to a terrible death. In a body they waited upon their commander, Captain Randolph, and asked permission to land and prevent the execution; and desired him to turn his batteries upon the town. When the firing was heard at the execution, they wanted the flag of the *Albany* struck.

All the troops then in Havana, some twelve hundred (the others having been despatched in chase of Lopez), were formed in a square where the butchery was to take place, wearing their war uniforms, with blouses and straw hats; and surrounding these were thousands of the citizens of Havana, who came out to gloat over the massacre, considering this brutal exhibition rather better than a bull fight. The Mayor of the Plaza read the edict that usually preceded such executions; and then all was ready for the terrible tragedy.

The victims, bound securely, were brought out of the boat twelve at a time; of these, six were blindfolded and made to kneel down with their backs to the soldiers, who stood some three or four paces from them. These six executed, the other six were put through the same ghastly ceremony; then twelve others were brought from the boat; and so on, until the terrible and sickening tragedy was over. As each lot were murdered their bodies were cast aside to make room for the next lot.

An eyewitness says of these martyrs to liberty: "They behaved with firmness, evincing no hesitation or trepidation whatever." Among those shot was a lad of fifteen who begged earnestly on his knees that some one be sent to him who could speak English, but not the slightest attention was paid to him. One handsome young man desired that his watch be sent to his sweetheart. After the first discharge those who were not instantly killed were beaten upon the head until life was extinct. One poor fellow received three balls in his neck, and, raising himself in the agonies of death, was struck by a soldier with the butt of a musket and his brains dashed out.

Colonel Crittenden, as the leader of the party, was shot first, and alone. One of the rabble pushed through the line of soldiers, and rushed up to Crittenden and pulled his beard. The gallant Kentuckian, with the utmost coolness, spit in the coward's face. He refused to kneel or to be blindfolded; saying in a clear, ringing voice: "A Kentuckian kneels to none except his God, and always dies facing his enemy!"[1]—an expression that became famous. Looking into the muzzles of the muskets that were to slay him, standing heroically erect in the very face of death, with his own hands, which had been unbound at his request, he gave the signal for the

[1]See Appendix.

fatal volley; and died, as he had lived, "Strong in Heart." Captain Ker also refused to kneel. They stood up, faced their enemies, were shot down, and their brains were beaten out with clubbed muskets.

Sickening Brutality.

After the murder, some of the Spanish officers plunged their swords into the lifeless bodies of their victims and turned and twisted them around in the wounds. The corpses were then given over to a bloodthirsty mob, composed of the lowest and vilest rabble, both white and black, of the city of Havana, who spat upon them, kicked them, and dragged them about by the heels. Many of the bodies were mutilated in the most horrible and shocking manner; the ears, noses, and other members being cut off and carried away by the brutal and frenzied mob, and exhibited in the streets and public houses of the city. When the mob had wreaked its malice to satiety, the bodies, which had been stripped and robbed of their clothing, were thrown in their naked and mutilated condition, six or seven together, into old hearses that had been used the year before for cholera victims. No coffins were allowed, but the hearses were driven through the streets of Havana with the bloody bodies in many instances hanging half in and half out of their ghastly receptacles, looking more like animals just from the shambles than like men who

HUMAN BONE HEAP IN A CUBAN CEMETERY.

had been made "in the image of God." Being "heretics" as well as "pirates," there was no sepulture in consecrated ground for them; so they were carted ignominiously to the heretic section of the old Espada cemetery, just behind and contiguous to the San Lazaro hospital, and there tumbled without ceremony into a common trench, their bodies being covered with quicklime and with little else. After a few years, in accordance with a peculiarly Spanish custom which requires the removal of the remains of people whose families do not own permanent vaults, the bones of these heroes and martyrs were exhumed and thrown into the common bone-heap of the cemetery.

These young men, brave, gallant, ardent, went to Cuba in the sacred names of Liberty and Humanity to free an oppressed people from the most atrocious tyranny and unspeakable and persistent outrages—and this is what they got!

Indignation in the United States.

The murder of Colonel Crittenden and his fifty comrades created an outburst of indignation in the United States that was hardly exceeded forty-seven years later when the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor. The indignation was all the greater because at almost the very moment that these men were being assassinated, the commander of the *Habanero*, being fully advised of what was then going

on in Havana, deliberately and coolly fired upon the American steamer *Falcon* at Bahia Honda. This was a sufficient cause for war, and should have brought on a war between the United States and Spain, whose apologies for the incident, humbly tendered though they were, should have been declined, under the circumstances.

All over the United States large and enthusiastic indignation meetings were held, and resolutions were passed appealing to and urging the Government to avenge the death of Crittenden and his men, and to wipe out with blood the insult that had been given to our national dignity by the shots fired at the *Falcon*. Troops were openly recruited to go independently to the aid of Lopez under the leadership of General Felix Houston, whom the Spaniards called *Melocotone*—"a Peach." Reports were then coming thick and fast that Lopez was more than holding his own with his little band of three hundred adventurers, against the full power of Spain in Cuba.

The popular indignation was also exercised to a great degree against our Consul in Havana, Mr. Allen F. Owen, of Georgia, because he had not prevented the massacre of Crittenden and his men. Mr. Owen was really powerless in the matter, and would not have been allowed to so much as see those unfortunate men, even if he had tried. But the President had to recall him in order to appease the wrath of the people.

The Government at Washington did go so far as to order the United States warship *Saranac*, Commodore Parker, to go to Havana and demand full explanations, both as to the execution of Crittenden's men and the firing on the *Falcon*. The *Saranac* sailed from Norfolk on the twenty-sixth of August, reaching Havana two or three days later. Something might have grown out of this except for the fact that Lopez's little army was by this time totally disrupted and captured, and he himself executed. Spain apologized very humbly for firing on the *Falcon;* and the incident was closed, to remain closed until the memorable year 1898, when all her insults and injuries to our country and our countrymen were fully avenged, and she was humbled to the dust.

Lopez's Campaign.

It is now necessary to go back to the thirteenth of August, when Crittenden's little command was cut in two at San Miguel, three or four miles from Las Pozas, where Lopez was stationed with his main army, consisting of three hundred and twenty-five men. It does not appear that he made any effort to assist Crittenden when the latter was attacked at San Miguel by a force so largely superior in numbers to his own. Captain Kelly, commanding eighty of Crittenden's troops, succeeded in joining Lopez at Las Pozas; but, being followed by the Spanish force,

which by this time was augmented by large reinforcements that had come to Bahia Honda on the *Habanero* and *Almendares* and hurried forward to Las Pozas, a general engagement was brought on here.

The Battle at Las Pozas.

After a hard fight of more than two hours the Spaniards retreated, leaving Lopez master of the field. General Enna lost more than two hundred men, killed and wounded, among whom were several of his highest officers. The Liberators' loss was about thirty killed, wounded, and missing; among whom were Colonel Downman and Lieutenant Labizan, killed; General Pragay and Captains Brigham and Gouti, mortally wounded. This loss reduced the force of the Liberators to about two hundred and ninety men. After the battle the Spanish wounded were brought into Lopez's lines and were as well taken care of as the circumstances would admit. Lopez himself rode entirely unarmed over the battlefield, through the hottest of the fire, and Lieutenant Van Vechten has stated that he occasionally applied a red rawhide quirt, that he carried in his hand, with a great deal of vigor to the shoulders of such men as he thought could be hurried into firing a little faster. These men must have been some Creoles that he had forced into his service at Las Pozas, and who afterward deserted him; for it is hard to believe that

there were any of his men from the United States who would not have instantly shot him on being struck with a whip. Major Schlesinger denies this story, and speaks of Lieutenant Van Vechten in very disrespectful terms.

At two o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth of August Lopez left Las Pozas and marched into the adjacent mountains, leaving behind him thirteen of his men who were wounded, every one of whom was instantly bayoneted by the Spaniards when they came in, and their bodies were piled in a heap, cross-ways, at the bottom of a hill.

The Battle of Frias.

Lopez retreated at once to the hacienda, or coffee plantation, near Cayajavos, which had formerly belonged to him, but which had been confiscated about three years before; and was here resting and refreshing his troops when, on the sixteenth of August, he was attacked by three hundred lancers and six hundred infantry. The action lasted from eleven to two o'clock on one of the hottest days ever known, even in Cuba; and Lopez was again victorious, the enemy being compelled to retreat in great haste after a loss of three hundred and twenty men. Among these was Lieutenant-General Enna, who, it is said, was killed here at almost the exact moment that Crittenden was murdered in Havana. His body was taken by the Liberators, and

sent under a flag of truce into the Spanish lines, with every mark of respect.

The fight at Lopez's coffee plantation (Cafetal de Frias) was called the battle of Frias. It is claimed that the victory here was so complete that it would have accomplished Cuban independence if Lopez had been able to follow up his routed and panic-stricken enemies, or could have received or been co-operated with by any of the reinforcements he was expecting from the United States—even if they had landed in a totally different part of the island, and had done no more than to divert the attention and divide the forces of the Spaniards.

If the Kentucky regiment had been despatched at once from New Orleans, according to Lopez's expectations and orders, it could have landed two or three days after he did. Cuban affairs in New Orleans, however, were in the hands of a large committee which had been appointed at a mass-meeting of citizens. Whether from hesitation in regard to responsibility, or from insufficiency of means or of transportation, it is certain that the action of the committee did not respond to the eagerness of Pickett and Hawkins. Days lapsed, when hours were important. There was too much waiting for news, and then for more news. Finally came the news that all was over, and that it was now too late.

From the public excitement prevailing at the time of his departure, Lopez had every reason to expect that the Kentucky Regiment, which was already on its way, would be promptly forwarded. He also left authority under which Colonels Wheat and Bell were empowered to each raise a regiment; and among the three regiments there were not less than three thousand men ready to follow him shortly after his departure.

Lopez's loss in the battle of Frias was but slight, and his victory complete; but at the same moment the retreat of the Spaniards in panic-stricken rout in one direction was announced to him, he issued an order for his own force to retreat in the opposite direction; and he actually on that day made a forced march of eighteen miles in five hours over a mountain road in Cuba!

Arms and Ammunition Ruined.

He then remained in the mountains, where, on the eighteenth, his troops in encampment underwent the sad experience of a tropical rainstorm, which destroyed the greater part of their ammunition and rendered their guns entirely useless. But for this mishap, Lopez might have been able to maintain himself in the mountains indefinitely, and perhaps to have formed the nucleus, with his little band, for refugee patriots from the eastern and southern portions of the island, where the spirit of revolt had appeared to be rampant only a short time before.

A consultation of officers was now had, and they demanded that General Lopez should take them at once to where the patriot forces he had spoken of were stationed; or at least to march to the southern coast, where they might embark for Jamaica or Yucatan. Lopez consented to their demand, and they started for the patriot rendezvous in the South; but the guide mistook the road and led them again toward the northeast.

On the evening of the nineteenth Lopez encamped at a ranch at the foot of the mountains, about twelve miles from Bahia Honda, where he was undisturbed during the night. His force being now without ammunition or serviceable arms, further fighting was of course out of the question; although they had hitherto defeated the Spaniards in every engagement, notwithstanding their largely superior numbers.

The First Defeat.

On the morning of the twentieth, while taking breakfast in their encampment at the ranch, they were again attacked, being taken by surprise; the sentry on the outpost having left his post to wash himself in a creek, where he was killed. Being practically unarmed, the Liberators were completely routed, and fled to the mountains in every direction. Lopez himself barely managed to make his escape on horseback, losing his saddle, pistols, and spyglass—

everything, in fact, except what he wore. That night his dispirited little army encamped upon the top of one of the highest mountains in Cuba, exposed to all the violence of a terrible norther, without either shelter, fire, or food. The sufferings they experienced that night are indescribable. The rain fell in torrents, cold as ice, and the terrors of the situation were constantly increased by the falling around them of massive trees, sometimes felled by the violence of the wind, and sometimes by the still mightier force of lightning.

On the evening of the twenty-first, the troops having eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, General Lopez's horse was killed and divided among the one hundred and twenty-five men who were now all that remained with their chief. This little force wandered aimlessly about through the mountains, hardly knowing how to get out of them, and subsisting upon such edible leaves and roots as they could find, until Sunday, the twenty-fourth, when they succeeded in reaching the road that runs from Bahia Honda to San Cristobal. They advanced along this road until nearly night, when they came upon two Spanish lancers, who at once fled upon seeing them. A halt was immediately ordered, and an examination made into the state of the force; which showed a total of one hundred and twenty-five men, eighty muskets

(about twenty of which were serviceable), and forty dry cartridges. Under this state of affairs it was deemed advisable to retreat, which was ordered. The enemy, who lay in ambush a few hundred yards in advance, with a force of nine hundred men, at once began pursuit. Upon their approach Lopez's whole force separated into small bodies and dispersed through the mountains, throwing away their guns and everything that could encumber them in their flight. Only seven men remained with the General. A large number were overtaken and immediately killed.

Disruption of the Force.

The largest of the scattered parties remained in the mountains until the morning of the twenty-sixth of August, when, having had but one meal in six days, and feeling that they could bear it no longer, they determined to go down into the plains, considering that it would be better to be killed outright than to die of the slow starvation which certainly awaited them in the mountains. They accordingly advanced to a house, where they were treated with a great deal of kindness and were given an excellent breakfast. An arrangement was here made to secure a guide to the south coast, with provisions, etc., and they were about to leave and conceal themselves until night; when, all at once, they were surrounded by some three hundred Creoles (the people they had

come to free), who immediately bound them all securely, and appropriated everything they could find in the prisoners' pockets.

They were taken that day to San Cristobal; and until they reached that place they were under the impression that they were to be immediately shot, their only consolation being that they were to die with full stomachs. At San Cristobal, however, they were informed that a proclamation had been issued ten hours before their capture, sparing the lives of all filibusteros who were made prisoners or gave themselves up within four days, "excepting always the traitor Lopez," after which an order dated April 24, 1850, by which all foreigners found in the island were to be put to death was again to be continued in full force.

On the twenty-eighth, there being then forty-seven prisoners assembled, they were taken from San Cristobal and started for Havana, reaching Guyamus next day, the terminus of a railroad from Havana. There an order was received from the Captain-General directing that the prisoners be taken to Mariel for embarkation, he being fearful that they would be torn to pieces by the rabble of Havana if taken by rail. Reaching Mariel on the thirtieth, they were embarked on the steamer *Almendares* to proceed to Havana, when an express

arrived bringing information of the capture of Lopez, and the steamer was delayed to await his arrival.

Lopez Taken.

On the night of the twenty-fourth of August Lopez disappeared from the mass of his band with a few of the Cubans who had come from New Orleans with him. On the twenty-eighth a young mountaineer appeared in the Spanish camp and reported that two hours before he had seen Lopez, with six unarmed followers; and that Lopez had offered him two hundred dollars, besides a draft for two thousand dollars, payable at sight in Havana, if he would guide him to the plantation of Diego de Tapia; but that suddenly, a few moments after, as if doubting his fidelity, had ordered him away; and then separating from his followers, disappeared in the woods, accompanied only by a mulatto boy, his body servant, Pedro, who had come from New Orleans with him. He was captured in the Pinos de Raguel on the twenty-ninth of August, just seventeen days after his landing, by seventeen peasants of the country.

Lopez was caught with bloodhounds. The dogs, being some distance in advance of the pursuing party, bit him severely in the left leg before they came up. The seventeen Creoles in the party that took him were each publicly presented with one thousand dollars

and a cross of honor immediately after his execution, a few days later.

Execution of Lopez.

General Lopez arrived at Mariel on the thirty-first of August, when the *Almendares* immediately headed for Havana with her cargo of "pirates." Lopez was entirely at liberty on board the ship, and smoked his cigaretto with apparently as much unconcern as he ever did in his life. Outside the harbor of Mariel he was transferred to the steam frigate *Pizarro*, which conveyed him to Havana, and he did not leave this ship until the morning of the second of September, when he was taken to the place of execution.

The other prisoners were confined in the city prison, in the rear of the Punta. They passed through a regular process, their hair being cut close to their heads; then they were passed into the hands of another barber, who deprived them of their whiskers; then another man provided them with a prison uniform; and the exercises were terminated by a big negro, who securely fastened them in pairs with a chain similar in size and weight to a log chain.

General Lopez was executed near the Punta, at seven o'clock on the morning of the second of September. He died by the garrote, as he was not deemed worthy of

the death of a soldier by being shot. The whole space between the Punta fort and the Carcel was filled with troops, cavalry and infantry, who formed an immense square, in the midst of which was erected the scaffold, about twenty feet high, the top surrounded by a balcony; and in the center of the platform was the garrote. This consisted of a small upright post, at the back of which was an iron screw, and in front were the fatal collar and the chair in which the victim was to be seated. A procession of priests with long black caps, carrying a black flag or banner, passed into the Punta, which was surrounded by soldiers; and about twenty minutes later, at the tolling of a bell, Lopez approached under guard, with a priest on either side. He was dressed in a long white garment resembling a shroud, with a hood which covered his head but did not conceal his features. The procession moved slowly across the square to the scaffold, which Lopez ascended with much firmness, together with the priests and one or two officers. The negro executioner had preceded him. On reaching the platform he knelt while the priests recited a prayer; on rising he took the crucifix in his hand and kissed it repeatedly. One of the officers on the scaffold then, in a loud tone, commanded silence; and in an instant the vast multitude that had assembled to witness the execution was

as still as the grave. Lopez then spoke for a few minutes, concluding with these words:

"My countrymen, pardon me for the evil, if any, I have caused you. I have not intended any evil, but good rather. I die for my beloved Cuba. Farewell!"

He then seated himself in the chair, the executioner adjusted the collar around his neck, gave two turns with the screw, and the spirit of Narciso Lopez had sped from time into eternity.

General Lopez had many wealthy relatives in Havana. At the time of his execution his wife was in Paris; and his son, then eighteen years old, was at school in Switzerland.

Attitude of the Creoles.

The following incident may be related as illustrating the character of the people whom Lopez was endeavoring to free. Two of his men, badly wounded, were left at the house of a miserable old Creole named Garcia. He treated them very well; but, being badly wounded, they died at his house. Shortly afterward the news of the disruption of Lopez's force reached him, and then this Cuban Parolles instantly produced his dead "pirates" to the authorities, alleging that he had slain them "for Queen and country." He was rewarded with a decoration; but the truth came to light after a while, Señor Garcia was compromised and

was himself brought within the shadow of death, from which he escaped by a commutation of his sentence to a long term of penal servitude.

During the whole of the invasion but two Creoles joined Lopez, and both of these were killed in battle. The Creoles appear to have everywhere opposed their liberators with the utmost hostility. At Aguacate they took and delivered twelve prisoners. The Spanish Colonel de Lago reported that on the twenty-sixth of August the hills about San Cristobal were full of Creoles, with dogs, in pursuit of the "pirates," and guiding the troops in the work of extermination. Commandant Sanchez reported that they offered him every aid. At Bahia Honda two of the invaders were captured at one time by peasants, sixteen at another time, and seven at still another; and on the twenty-second of August the people of Las Pozas shot ten who had fallen into their hands. Whatever may have been the wish of the wealthier Creoles for Cuban independence—provided others would achieve it for them—the small cultivators of the district where Lopez landed adhered to the royal cause.

The Result of the Expedition.

According to the records they kept of the matter, the Spaniards were able to account for two hundred and seventy-one men (including Crittenden's command) whom they had killed—

CAPTAIN ROBERT H. BRECKENRIDGE.

that is, in action, wounded men who were left on the field, sick and fatigued men who gave out on the march and were left behind, and men whom they had hunted down in the mountains with dogs. First and last they took one hundred and seventy-three prisoners whom they did not kill. These, together with the two hundred and seventy-one killed, made a total of four hundred and forty-four, leaving nine men unaccounted for out of the four hundred and fifty-three who landed at Morillos on the twelfth of August. These nine men probably perished in the mountains; or it is possible that some of them were able to make their escape from the island and return to their homes. If this was the case, the fact is not now known. Two are known to have come near it, however.

Thrilling Adventures of Breckenridge and Beach.

On the twenty-fourth of September, a month after the dispersion and total failure of the expedition, a Spanish schooner arrived at Mariel, a small fortified port about twenty miles from Havana, having on board two Americans, Robert H. Breckenridge and Ransom Beach, both of Kentucky, who had been picked up from a small boat about twenty miles from the coast of Cuba. Their wretched condition, as well as the circumstances in which they were found, seemed to justify the suspicion that

they were members of the Lopez invading party; and upon their arrival in Havana on the twenty-sixth they were in imminent danger of being executed.

Their own account of themselves, given to their friends, was that they were all that remained of a company of six who since the scattering of the invading party on the twenty-first of August had wandered aimlessly about among the mountains. They were pursued by Spanish troops, who killed three of the party and took a fourth prisoner. Breckenridge and Beach escaped by jumping down a precipice and afterward hiding themselves in the thick underwood, which in Cuba grows so close that even those who were pursuing a runaway slave never thought of continuing the pursuit when he took to the wooded mountains. After great suffering, and living for days upon a little corn which they gleaned from the well reaped fields, and upon land crabs, they finally decided to make for the coast. When they reached it they saw a schooner at anchor about a quarter of a mile from the shore; and, what was more important to them, they perceived that she had a small boat floating astern. In spite of their exhausted condition, and of the ravenous sharks that abound in those waters, the young men decided to swim out to this boat, and to attempt to escape in it.

Accordingly they waited until twilight, and then swam out. They found no one in the boat, but a man was standing on the quarter-deck of the schooner. He remained there with most provoking pertinacity until they thought they should sink from mere exhaustion, for their strength was so far spent that they could hardly hold on by the boat. At last the man went forward and entered the forecastle, and they succeeded in getting on board the schooner and securing two oars. They then descended into the small boat, which they cut adrift from the schooner, and put to sea. After having been at sea about thirty hours, and rowing nearly all the time, and just as the mountains, over which they had been pursued many weary days and on which they had lain many weary nights, were fading from view, they were met by a Spanish collier, on board of which they went voluntarily. The captain promised to take them to Havana and put them in the way of reaching the United States, their story to him being that they were American gentlemen who, while out fishing, had been blown to sea from the entrance to Key West harbor. They were landed at Mariel; and from thence they were soon marched to Havana under guard of six soldiers, into the presence of the Captain-General, being first bound, and kicked and cuffed on the way.

The Captain-General addressed them as pirates of Lopez's gang, and demanded that they should confess as much. In spite of threats, they refused to do this; and in answer to Concha's declaration that he was sure they were of Lopez's expedition, and that he had a mind to shoot them on the spot if they did not confess it, they replied: "Fire away! We are American gentlemen, and will not die with a lie on our lips." Breckenridge said that personally he cordially approved of Lopez's expedition, and believed that Cuba ought to be free, but that he had had no part in the expedition, and that if he was shot his American friends would avenge him. At that time one of his grandfathers was Governor of Virginia, and he had two or three cousins in Congress. The Captain-General concluded not to shoot them then; but after another liberal allowance of kicks and cuffs they were thrown into prison.

Their story, however, got abroad, and Captain Platt, of the *Albany*, and the American Consul made prompt inquiries into so summary a disposal of American citizens taken on the high seas. A communication on the subject from Mr. Owen to the Captain-General having remained some hours unanswered, Captain Platt sought an interview, and protested in strong terms against the injustice of condemning without a hearing men taken

in such a manner, calling attention particularly to the fact that they were taken on the high seas, and out of the Spanish jurisdiction. The Captain-General replied to this that the men had confessed that they were of the Lopez party. Captain Platt pleaded that this should not be to their prejudice, as a man should be proved guilty by other evidence than a confession extorted from him, most likely by threats. Unfortunately for this plea, however, a confession in Cuba, by whatever means obtained, was ample grounds for a conviction, the whole criminal practice there being at that time based upon the maxim that an accused party is to be considered guilty until he proves his innocence. The result of the interview was that Breckenridge and Beach were ordered to be kept in Havana for trial, instead of going to Spain for ten years the next morning in chains, as would have otherwise occurred. They always denied that they had made a confession. Commodore Parker, who had been ordered on a short cruise to Matanzas in the *Saranac*, returned in a day or two, and interceded for the pardon of the young men. The result was that Breckenridge was pardoned, but Beach was sent to Spain under sentence of ten years' hard labor in the quicksilver mines.

The Fate of the Prisoners.

During September all the prisoners, except the few who were pardoned, were embarked for Spain, under long sentences of hard labor in the quicksilver mines.[1] Mr. John S. Thrasher, an American citizen living in Havana, where he published *El Faro*, one of the principal newspapers of the city, interested himself to solicit subscriptions to a fund for the purpose of supplying the prisoners with comforts during the long voyage. He succeeded in raising eighteen hundred dollars for this purpose, which was all given secretly, as it was almost as much as a Cuban's life was worth to have given to such a fund openly. For his pains in behalf of humanity, Mr. Thrasher's paper was suppressed and he was sentenced to eight years at hard labor in the mines in Spain, or rather at Spain's penal colony at Ceuta, in Africa, opposite Gibraltar. The prisoners embarked in good spirits, for it was somehow whispered among them that they would be pardoned soon after reaching Ceuta. This proved to be true, Queen Isabella extending to them that clemency soon after they landed. This was no doubt due to the exertions of President Fillmore, who interceded in their behalf on the ground that they had been inveigled into the expedition upon representations that an actual revolution was on foot in Cuba, and that

[1]See Appendix for a list of those sent to the quicksilver mines.

the patriots were in possession of forty towns. None of the Hungarian prisoners, however, were released, but some of them succeeded in making their escape, among whom was Major Louis Schlesinger.

Doctor Santa Rosa, who was among the unfortunates sent to the quicksilver mines, was one of the thirteen prominent men who raised the banner of revolt in Cuba in 1868—a revolt which lasted for eight years and cost Spain more than seven hundred million dollars. He was taken prisoner in that war, but escaped to renew the struggle; and was again taken on board the ill-fated *Virginius* on October 23, 1873. He was one of the fifty-three prisoners from that ship who were shot a few days later before the walls of the well-named Slaughter House, in Santiago.

"It Might Have Been."

The Bahia Honda Expedition made a profound impression in Cuba—a far greater impression than is generally supposed in the United States. The fears of the Spanish Government exaggerated its strength, and the whole military power of the island was exerted against it. Havana was so depleted of troops in order to meet Lopez that at one time it was practically unprotected, and might easily have been taken by even such another small force as

Lopez then had with him. As it was, his little army of a few hundred men and lads fought a body eight times their number, keeping them at bay, and causing great slaughter. The railroad trains carried the wounded into Havana, car after car; rumors of defeat filled the city; artillery was sent out in great force; and the actual loss of the Spaniards in killed and wounded was said to be more than one thousand men. Had the Creoles risen, as they were expected to do, that little handful of brave men might really have been the means of establishing Cuban independence, forty-seven years before that fact was really accomplished by the army and navy of the United States.

Lopez Was Deceived.

Colonel Theodore O'Hara and Colonel John T. Pickett called to see Mrs. Murray, Colonel William L. Crittenden's mother, after his death, and told her in the conversation they had about Cuban matters, on that occasion, that Lopez was deceived as to the anticipated uprising of the Cubans by a Spanish officer whom he supposed to be his friend, and a friend of Cuban liberty, and in whom he placed implicit confidence. He afterward recognized this officer fighting against him in one of the battles.

Colonel Crittenden's mother had, ultimately, no doubt that Lopez himself was deceived as to the state of affairs

in Cuba; and that, being deceived himself, he innocently and honestly deceived others. And this will be the verdict of history.

Cuba Libre!

The failure of the Bahia Honda Expedition apparently did not dampen the ardor of the friends of Cuba in America; for, under the leadership of General Quitman, of Mississippi, and others, numerous other expeditions were organized; none of which, however, were able to leave our shores, on account of the vigilance exercised by the United States Government to prevent them. The agitation in this direction did not effectually die out until shortly before the beginning of our own Civil War. After that the insurrections of the native Cubans themselves were of more or less magnitude, and were at times attended with a considerable degree of success, until the freedom of the unhappy island was finally achieved by the co-operation of the United States Government itself.

Reading history broadly, one must perceive that the military demonstrations of Lopez and his American followers against the Spanish power in Cuba was simply a disastrous incident in the long struggle between the English and the Spanish races, which began about the year 1550 and seems to have been brought to a finality in 1898, when the people of the United States freed Cuba, and drove Spain from her last foothold in the New World.

APPENDIX

THE KENTUCKY REGIMENT

It is not known what became of the rolls and records of the Kentucky Regiment in the Cardenas Expedition, or whether they were preserved at all. The following incomplete roster of its officers, and statement of its losses, was picked out from various sources:

Colonel Theodore O'Hara, Frankfort.
[1]Lieutenant-Colonel John T. Pickett, Washington, District of Columbia.
Major Thomas T. Hawkins, Newport.
[2]Major William Hardy, Covington.
[1]Adjutant H. T. Titus, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
[1]Quartermaster Thomas P. Hoy, Galveston, Texas.
Surgeon, Doctor Samuel Scott, Florence.
Chaplain, Reverend John McF. McCann (Episcopal), Paris.
Captain John Allen, Shelbyville.
Captain John A. Logan, Shelbyville.
Captain H. H. Robinson, Company D.
Captain F. C. Wilson, Company H.
Captain —— Lewis.
Captain —— Knight.
[1]Lieutenant Richardson Hardy, Company D, editor of the *Cincinnati Nonpareil.*
Lieutenant John Carl Johnston, Louisville.
Lieutenant Albert W. Johnson.
Lieutenant Joe Smith, Louisville.
Lieutenant Jack Reading, Shelbyville.
Lieutenant J. J. Garnett, Bowling Green.

[1]Native of Kentucky, but at that time residing elsewhere.
[2]There was an unsettled dispute as to seniority between the two Majors; but Hawkins' claims seem to have been recognized.

Lieutenant J. McDerman, Company F.
Lieutenant W. H. Barton.
Lieutenant C. H. Rawlings.
Lieutenant —— Sayre.
Lieutenant —— Greenlee.
Lieutenant —— Horton.
Lieutenant —— Knott.
Lieutenant —— Dear.
Lieutenant —— Harnley.
Sergeant-Major —— McDonald.
Color Sergeant William Redding, who carried the "Free Flag of Cuba" in the battle at Cardenas, and brought back to America the tatters left by the enemy's bullets.
Sergeant Robert Wheeling, Company D.
Sergeant Henry Cruse, Company D.
Corporal Thomas Work.

The following were the casualities of the Kentucky Regiment in the battle of Cardenas:

KILLED.

Captain John A. Logan, Shelbyville.
Lieutenant James J. Garnett, Bowling Green.
Chaplain John McFarland McCann, Paris.
Sergeant Henry Cruse, Company D.
Ten privates—fourteen.

WOUNDED.

Colonel Theodore O'Hara.
Major Thomas T. Hawkins.
Lieutenant —— Sayre.
Lieutenant —— Harnley.
Sergeant Robert Wheeling.
Twenty-one privates—twenty-six.

Thus the loss of the regiment in the engagement amounted to forty, all told; or more than twenty-two per cent of those engaged.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
  Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, in battle gashed,
  Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
  The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their father's gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the moldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the heedless air.
Your own proud State's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
  Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceful stone
  In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
  The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
  Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
  That gilds your deathless tomb.

SENT TO THE QUICKSILVER MINES IN SPAIN.

The following is a list of the "Filibusteros" of the Bahia Honda Expedition who were taken prisoners by the Spaniards, and sent to Spain under sentence of hard labor in the quicksilver mines:

NAME.	COUNTRY.	OCCUPATION.	AGE.
James Smith	Leyden, Massachusetts	Farmer	29
Cornelius Duffy	Boston, Massachusetts	Clerk	17
George W. Richardson	Massachusetts	Clerk	35
George Edgerton	Massachusetts	Clerk	24
Thomas H. Lee	New London, Conn	Clerk	19
Harney Williams	Connecticut	Farmer	48
Dandridge Seay	South Carolina	Engineer	21
James Cajerman	South Carolina	Carpenter	19
Edward Q. Bell	South Carolina	Clerk	20
David Winburn	South Carolina	Bricklayer	37
Benjamin Hanna	Pennsylvania	Farmer	22
George Holdship	Pennsylvania	Boatman	20
Henry B. Hart	Pennsylvania	Engineer	22
J. P. Simpson	Pennsylvania	Butcher	23
George Wilson	Pennsylvania	Japanner	21
Charles Geblin	Pennsylvania	Boatman	23
Edgar Cressy	Pennsylvania	Painter	27
John McKiniop	Pennsylvania	Boatman	26
H. Stanmire	Pennsylvania		26
John Clure	Pennsylvania	Boatman	21
Benjamin Hand	Pennsylvania	Farmer	22
Thomas Little	Philadelphia, Pa	Carpenter	30
James M. Wilson	Indiana	Clerk	22
John D. Ballar	Indiana	Clerk	25
Fenton D. Hough	Indiana	Engineer	19
M. L. Hefrow	New York	Steward	21
William Wilson	New York	Clerk	22

John Denton	New York	Clerk	28
Thomas Denton	New York	Carpenter	32
George W. Foster	New York	Laborer	17
Elijah J. Otis	New York	Boatman	22
Cornelius Sebring	New York	Laborer	25
James Albing	New York	Boatman	21
Joseph Stevens	New York	Carpenter	26
Daniel Gano	New York	Laborer	26
Franklin Boyd	New York	Engineer	21
Benjamin Fagan	Ohio	Boatman	19
George E. Metcalfe	Ohio	Druggist	22
Henry West	Ohio	Saddler	26
Isaac Fanborne	Ohio	Tailor	38
Benjamin Gilmore	Ohio	Bricklayer	19
William L. Wilkinson	Mobile, Alabama	Engineer	25
Thomas R. Monroe	Alabama	Machinist	20
Cornelius Cook	Alabama	Printer	20
John R. Pruitt	Alabama	Printer	24
H. J. Thomasson	Alabama	Clerk	18
Daniel E. DeWolf	Alabama	Clerk	23
Armand R. Woer	Alabama	Clerk	22
Peter McMullen	Maine	Cook	20
Ansell R. Ludwing	Maine	Seaman	28
S. H. Purnell	Mississippi	Printer	20
Henry Metcalfe	Mississippi	Druggist	19
C. A. McMurray	Maryland	Printer	21
John Boswell	Maryland	Mason	25
Charles H. Downer	Maryland	Clerk	23
W. H. McKensey	Kentucky	Bricklayer	18
Malbon K. Scott	Kentucky	Ceriner (*sic*)	20
William H. Vaughan	Kentucky	Clerk	40
William Wilson	Kentucky	Boatman	18
David Q. Rousseau	Kentucky	Bricklayer	24
Robert H. Grider	Kentucky	Merchant	34
Francis C. Mahan	Kentucky	Farmer	23
Edmund H. McDonald	Kentucky	Clerk	20
Preston Essex	Kentucky	Boatman	25
John Johnson	Owensboro, Kentucky	Merchant	35

John A. Sowers	Berryville, Kentucky	Merchant	21
Ransom Beach	Kentucky	Farmer	22
William Herb	Georgia	Clerk	16
Wilson L. Reeves	Georgia		19
William Hero	Georgia	Clerk	16
William H. Craft	Virginia	Jenrier (*sic*)	23
John G. Bush	Virginia	Printer	24
William Cameron	Virginia	Carpenter	45
John Cooper	Virginia	Clerk	19
Thomas Hudnall	Virginia	Farmer	35
Charles Horwell	Virginia	Printer	23
Peter Lacoste	New Orleans, Louisiana	Driver	21
J. Cassanovas	New Orleans, Louisiana	Clerk	32
J. H. Hearsey	New Orleans, Louisiana	Clerk	25
Charles Harrison	New Orleans, Louisiana	Painter	21
Victor Dupar	New Orleans, Louisiana	Engineer	19
Joseph B. Gunst	New Orleans, Louisiana	Clerk	16
Thomas D. Brown	New Orleans, Louisiana	Driver	25
George Parr	New Orleans, Louisiana	Clerk	25
William Miller	New Orleans, Louisiana		32
Thomas Hilton	Washington, D. C	Painter	26
Robert Ellis	Washington, D. C	Clerk	22
John Carter	Illinois	Carpenter	26
Thomas L. McMill	North Carolina	Clerk	23
Antonio Romero	Navarra, Cuba	Laborer	26
Francisco Iglesias	Zamora, Cuba	Laborer	24
Antonio Hernandez	Havana, Cuba	Painter	22
Julio Chassana	Havana, Cuba	Silversmith	27
Antonio Alfonso	Havana, Cuba	Physician	31
Miguel Guerro	Havana, Cuba	Shoemaker	26
Martino Melesimo	Havana, Cuba	Tobacconist	29
Manuel Martinez	Havana, Cuba	Tobacconist	35
Manuel Fleuri	Havana, Cuba	Printer	32
Pedro Nolasco	Havana, Cuba	Cook	18
Francisco Alejandro Laine	Alquizar, Cuba	Overseer	27
Manuel Diaz	Bayamo, Cuba	Merchant	34
Eduardo Sarmeron	Verja, Cuba	Shoemaker	27
Ramon Arman	Matanzas, Cuba	Penman	31

Pedro Manuel Lopez	Venezuela	Merchant	24
Robert Schuetz	Germany	Josrier (*sic*)	24
Conrad Paratolt	Germany	Clerk	17
Louis Bawder	Germany	Barkeeper	37
Charles Null	Germany	Baker	24
Conrad Taylor	Germany	Cook	24
Jacob Foutz	Germany	Butcher	20
Henry Schmidt	Germany	Butcher	21
George Schmidt	Germany	Laborer	21
Zyriack Scheiprt	Germany	Watchmaker	34
Edward Weiss	Germany	Butcher	22
Louis Hagan	Germany	Confectioner	22
Harlo Schluht	Germany	Soldier	29
Bernard Allen	Dublin, Ireland	Carpenter	18
Patrick Coleman	Ireland	Laborer	29
John Murphy	Ireland	Waiter	23
Supe L. Cully	Ireland	Carpenter	20
Thomas Dailey	Ireland	Clerk	19
Patrick Abac Gath	Ireland	Laborer	28
Thomas McClelland	Ireland	Shoemaker	22
Bernard McLeabe	Ireland	Laborer	32
Martin Muellen	Ireland	Cook	19
Timothy K. Henry	Ireland	Clerk	32
Henry Sayle	England	Moulder	22
James Brady	England (Isle of Wight)	Laborer	36
William Coussins	England	Clerk	20
James G. Iwen	England	Merchant	21
Conrad Cichler	Hungary	Printer	23
George Bontila	Hungary	Merchant	26
Joseph Ciceri	Hungary	Soldier	19
John Peteri	Hungary	Soldier	23
Emerich Badneih	Hungary	Soldier	27
Bela Kerekes	Hungary	Soldier	22
Janos Virag	Hungary	Soldier	24
Janos Niskos	Hungary	Soldier	23
Richard Nelson	Copenhagen, Denmark		39
Pierre C. de Bournazal	France	Tailor	40
W. S. Constantine	Canada	Printer	22
Michael Bero	Poland	Soldier	26

The following members of the expedition who were taken prisoners received free pardons from the Captain-General of Cuba, and returned at once to the United States, viz:

Colonel W. Scott Haynes, New Orleans.
Captain J. A. Kelly, New Orleans.
Lieutenant P. S. Van Vechten, New York.
Lieutenant H. G. Summers, New Orleans.
Lieutenant Robert H. Breckenridge, Kentucky.
Lieutenant James Chapman, Charleston, S. C.

The prisoners sentenced to the mines were deported at different times, one hundred and sixteen going in the first lot that sailed, and smaller numbers in subsequent lots. The lists above given comprise only one hundred and forty-eight names out of the one hundred and seventy-three prisoners who were taken; leaving twenty-five still to be accounted for. Some of these undoubtedly died in hospitals in Cuba, and others were sent to Spain at later dates, and their names were not published, perhaps. At the time the first lot of prisoners were sent to Spain —September 8, 1851—it was reported that forty-seven others were in hospitals in Cuba. The missing names may be included among the following, reported as captured, about whom nothing was subsequently published:

Major Louis Schlesinger, Hungary.
Lieutenant R. M. Crigler, Kentucky.
Francis B. Holmes, Kentucky.
J. D. Hughes, Kentucky.
J. B. Braum, New Orleans.
James G. Devew, New Orleans.
M. Lieger, New Orleans.
John Kline, New Orleans.
George Foster, New Orleans.
C. Knowll, New Orleans.
James Fiddes, New Orleans.
W. L. Hessen, New York.
Preston Estes, St. Louis, Missouri.
Francisco Cubia y Garcia, Havana, Cuba.
Jose Dovren, Havana, Cuba.
Ciriaco Senepli, Havana, Cuba.
M. Arago, Havana, Cuba.
L. Sujilolet, Havana, Cuba.
Andres Gonzales, Nueva Grenada, Cuba.
J. Sucit, Germany.
William Losner, Germany.
R. Schulte, Germany.

LAST LETTERS OF SOME OF CRITTENDEN'S MEN.

The following letters from some of Crittenden's companions in martyrdom were published in the New Orleans papers shortly after the tragedy:

[From Captain Victor Ker.]

My dear Felicia:

Adieu, my dear wife. This is the last letter that you will receive from your Victor. In one hour I shall be no more. Embrace all of my friends for me. Never marry again; it is my desire. My adieu to my sisters and brothers. Again, a last adieu. I die like a soldier.

Your husband, Victor Ker.

August 16, 6 o'clock, 1851.

My dear Brother Robert:

Adieu! I am to be shot in an hour—there is no remedy for it. This will be handed to you by my friend, Mr. Costa, who has been kind enough to take charge of it. Adieu, Robert. I die as a man and an American should die. Kiss your dear wife, my good mother, sisters and brothers; and believe me, ever your brother.

Victor Ker.

August 16, 6¼ o'clock, 1851.

My dear friends:

I leave you forever, and I go to the other world. I am prisoner in Havana, and in an hour I shall have ceased to exist. My dearest friends, think often of me. I die worthy of a Creole, worthy of a Louisianian and of a Ker. My dearest friends, adieu for the last time. Your devoted friend,

August 16, 6¼ o'clock, 1851. Victor Ker.

[From Lieutenant Thomas C. James.]

Spanish Frigate Esperanza,

Harbor of Havana, August 16, 1851.

My Dear Brothers and Sisters:

This is the last letter you will ever receive from your brother Thomas. In one hour more I will be launched into eternity, being now a prisoner, with fifty others, aboard of this ship, and under sen-

tence of death. All to be shot! This is a hard fate, but I trust in the mercy of God and will meet my fate manfully.

Think of me hereafter, not with regret, but as one whom you loved in life, and who loved you. Adieu forever, my brothers and sisters and friends. THOMAS C. JAMES.

Robert, our poor friends, G. A. Cook and John O. Bryce, are with me, and send their last regards to you; also Clement Stanford, formerly of Natchez.

[FROM LIEUTENANT JAMES BRANDT.]

HAVANA, August 16, 1851.

My dear Mother:

I have but a few moments to live. Fifty of us are condemned to be shot within a half hour. I do not value life, but deeply regret the grief it will cause you to hear of my death. Farewell, then, my dear mother, sisters, and all; we may meet again in another world. Think of me often; forget the causes I have given you for grief; remember only my virtues. Farewell, again, dearest mother, and believe me to be Your affectionate son,

J. BRANDT.

[FROM ADJUTANT R. C. STANFORD.]

HAVANA, August 16, 1851.

My dear Huling:

We arrived on the island of Cuba after the most horrible passage you can conceive of, cooped on board with four hundred or five hundred men.

We arrived on Sunday last, I believe—dates I have almost forgotten. The next morning Lopez, with General Pragay and all the commanding officers, left us (I mean Crittenden and his battalion). We heard nothing more of him for two days, when Crittenden despatched a note. He then requested we should join him at a little town some six or eight miles off, leaving us in the meantime to take care of all the baggage, &c.

We started for him on Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock, and had proceeded only three miles when we were attacked by five hundred Spanish soldiers. In the first charge I received a very severe wound in the knee. We repulsed them, however. They made another

charge and completely routed us. We spent two days and nights, the most miserable you can imagine, in the chapparal, without anything to eat or drink.

We made the best of our way to the seashore and found some boats, with which we put to sea. Spent a night upon the ocean, and next day about 12 o'clock were taken prisoners by the *Habanero*, were brought to Havana last night, and condemned to die this morning. We shall be shot in an hour.

Good-bye, and God bless you! I send the Masonic medal enclosed in this, belonging to my father. Convey it to my sister, Mrs. P——n, and tell her of my fate. Once more, God bless you!

STANFORD.

[FROM PRIVATE HONORE TACITE VIENNE.]

ON BOARD THE MAN-OF-WAR ESPERANZA,
August 16, 1851.

My dear affectionate Sisters and Brothers:

Before I die I am permitted to address my last words in this world.

Deceived by false visions, I embarked in the expedition to Cuba. We arrived, about four hundred in number, last week, and in about an hour from now we—I mean fifty-one of us—will be lost. I was taken prisoner after an engagement, and, with others, am to be shot in an hour.

I die, my dear brothers and sisters, a repentant sinner, having been blessed with the last rites of our holy religion. Forgive me of all my follies of my past life; and you, my dear affectionate sisters, pray for my poor soul.

A——, go to my dear mother and console her. Oh, my dear child, kiss her a thousand times for me. Love her for my sake. Kiss my brothers and all my dear children. To Father Blackney my last profound respect; to Father Lacroix and Father D'Hau, a mass for my soul.

My dear mother-in-law, farewell! Poor Tacite is shot and dead by this time. I give and bequeath my dear child to you, and you alone. Good-bye, H——; good-bye G—— and T——. I did my duty. Good-bye all. Your dear son and brother,

HONORE TACITE VIENNE.

Mr. Antonio Costa has promised to do all he can to obtain my body. If so, please have me buried with my wife.

[From Private Gilman A. Cook.]

Havana, on board of Man-of-War,
8 o'clock a.m., August 16, 1851.

My dear friends:

About fifty of us, Colonel Crittenden's command, were taken prisoners yesterday; have not received our sentence yet, but no doubt we will be shot before sunset. Lopez, the scoundrel, has deceived us; there is no doubt but all those reports about Cubans rising were all trumped up in New Orleans. Lopez took nearly all of his command and deserted us. We were attacked by some five hundred or seven hundred of the Queen's troops on the second day after we landed. Our own gallant Colonel Crittenden did all that any man could do, but we saw we had been deceived, and retreated to the seashore with the intention of getting off to our country, if possible. Got three boats, and got off with the intention of coasting until we fell in with an American vessel, and were taken prisoners by the steamboat *Habanero.*

Explain to my family that I have done nothing but what was instigated by the highest motives; that I die with a clean conscience, and like a man, with a stout heart. I send my watch to you; it is for little Benny, my nephew. Good-bye; God bless you all.

Truly yours, Gilman A. Cook.

ROUSSEAU'S SERIO-COMIC LETTER.

Even the grimmest tragedy may be accompanied sometimes by a lighter side-play. It has long been supposed that every one of the men taken with Colonel Crittenden was executed. But James Jeffrey Roche, in his interesting book, *The By-Ways of War,* states on the authority of Lawrence Oliphant that one escaped. The name of this fortunate one is not printed in the book, but in the copy in the War Department library, in Washington, some one has indicated in a penciled marginal note that he was "David Q. Rousseau, of Kentucky, later an officer of the Fifth United States Infantry."

Oliphant joined an expedition which set out from New Orleans in December, 1856, to join Walker in Nicaragua, but did not get there until Walker had surrendered. He states that among his comrades

in that expedition was an adventurous hero who had taken part in the last expedition of Lopez to Cuba (1851), and had spent eighteen months in a Spanish dungeon in consequence. When captured and taken to Havana, along with Colonel Crittenden, the prisoners were informed that they were to be shot, but they were permitted to write farewell letters to their friends. All of them began to write their letters except this particular one. It is stated that he "racked in vain the chambers of his memory for a solitary individual to whom he could impart the melancholy tidings of his execution without feeling that his communication would be what in polite society would be called an unwarrantable intrusion of his personal affairs upon a comparative stranger." But, ashamed to be the only one idle when fifty men were scribbling all around him, he determined to choose a friend to write to; and then it flashed upon him that as all the letters would be read by the Spaniards, he had better choose a good friend while he was choosing. He concluded that, in his present circumstances, none could be more appropriate than Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State at Washington. Not only should he make a friend of Mr. Webster, but an intimate friend, and then the Captain-General of Cuba might shoot him if he chose, and take the risks. So he wrote about as follows:

"Dan, my dear old boy, little did you think when we parted at the close of that last agreeable visit of a week which I lately paid you, that within a month I would be 'cabined, cribbed, and confined' in the durance vile from which I write this. I wish you would send the Spanish Minister a case of that very old Madeira of yours, which he professes to prefer to the wines of his own country, and tell him of the silly scrape I have got myself into; if, indeed, it be not too late, for they talk of sending me to 'the bourne' shortly. However, one can never believe a word these Spanish rascals say, and so I write this in the hope that they are lying, as usual—and I am, my dear old schoolmate, your affectionate friend, etc."

It is stated that as the result of this letter its writer was spared when the others were shot; and when at last the hoax was discovered the crisis in Cuba was past; so he was condemned to two years in chains in the quicksilver mines in Ceuta, which was afterward commuted to eighteen months. The story may be true, but the news-

paper and all the other contemporary accounts say that the entire party were executed—there is no mention anywhere of one being spared. It is a fact, however, that David Q. Rousseau, of Kentucky, was with the expedition of 1851, and that he was sentenced to the mines. He served through the Civil War as a Lieutenant in the Fifth Kentucky Infantry (Union), and afterward in the Fifth Infantry, United States Army.

"A KENTUCKIAN KNEELS TO NONE BUT GOD."[1]

Ah! tyrant, forge thy chains at will—
  Nay! gall this flesh of mine;
My thought is free, unfetter'd still,
  And will not yield to thine.
Take, take the life that heaven gave,
  And let my heart's blood stain thy sod;
But know ye not Kentucky's brave
  Will kneel to none but God?

You've quenched fair Freedom's sunny light,
  Her music tones have stilled;
And with a dark and withering blight
  The trusting heart have filled!
Then do you think that I will kneel
  Where such as ye have trod?
Nay! point your cold and threat'ning steel,—
  I'll kneel to none but God!

As summer breezes lightly rest
  Upon a quiet river,
And gently on its sleeping breast
  The moonbeams softly quiver—
Sweet thoughts of home lit up my brow
  When goaded with the rod;
Yet, these can not unman me now—
  I'll kneel to none but God!

Unpitying hearts, as hard as stone,
  Are coldly standing by;
And dreams of bliss forever flown
  Have dimm'd with tears mine eye—
Yet mine's a heart unyielding still—
  Heap on my breast the clod;
My soaring spirit scorns thy will—
  I'll kneel to none but God!

[1]Written in 1851 by Mrs Mary E. Wilson, of Maysville, Kentucky, and dedicated to Colonel William L. Crittenden.

THE DEATH OF CRITTENDEN.[1]

BY LAURA LORIMER.

The flush of a tropical morn
  Still lingered on Cuba's fair sky,
When a band for chivalry born
  Were led forth like caitiffs to die.
No quiver on lips that had learned
  To press back each feeling that rose,
Told of thoughts in their bosoms inurned
  As their young lives drew near their sad close.

They bade the proud chief of that band
  Kneel low when the death volley came,
And, bowed on that sun-guarded strand,
  Pour forth his high spirit of flame;
Deep and haughty arose his firm tone,
  Unchecked by surroundings of woe,
"I kneel to high heaven alone,
  And ne'er turn my back on the foe!"

Brave chief, though with shadowy fold
  The death mist hath veiled thy proud eye,
And that spirit, so daring of old,
  Hath flown to the star-jeweled sky,
Still in memory's vaults dwell thy tone,
  Ere the fountain is checked in its flow,
"I kneel to high heaven alone,
  And ne'er turn my back on the foe!"

[1] This song was set to music, and for some time after Colonel Crittenden's death was very popular.

FIFTY CAYERON.[1]

Ten o'clock in the morning
It was—oh! unequaled joy—
When the brave General
Of Marine anchored in Havana;
The news spread,
And the people in mass hastened,
Inundated with pleasure,
To the mole to see
The fifty who were captured,
By him!
. . . . . .

All the people witnessed
The fate of the pirates,
And in seeing them killed
Exclaimed "viva Isabel!"
Enthusiasm reigned,
"Death to the pirates!" was shouted.
On seeing them shot
The ardor increased,
And on every forehead contentment
Shone like the rays of the sun.

Now there can be no pity or quarter
For this barbarous people
Who humble themselves
Before our Queen Isabel.
Never the regal canopy
Can the scoundrels desecrate,
And if they wish to tread
A third time on our Antilla
There are soldiers of Castile
Who know how to defeat them!

[1] "Fifty Fell." This is a literal translation of three stanzas of a "poem" that was printed on broadsides and hawked about the streets of Havana on the day that Colonel Crittenden and his comrades were slain. The alleged poem contained fifteen stanzas.

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Peter, M. Cary .....Louisville, Kentucky.
Pettet, Miss Catherine.....Lexington, Kentucky.
Pettus, Joseph .....Louisville, Kentucky.
Pickett, Doctor Thomas E .....Maysville, Kentucky.
Pirtle, Honorable James S. .....Louisville, Kentucky.
Pirtle, Captain Alfred.....Louisville, Kentucky.
Pirtle, John Rowan.....Louisville, Kentucky.
Pope, Mrs. Sallie Ewing .....Louisville, Kentucky.
Pottinger, Samuel Forest .....Washington, D. C.
Powell, Reverend Edward L. ...Louisville, Kentucky.
Powers, Joshua Dee.....Louisville, Kentucky.
Price, General Samuel W. .....Chattanooga, Tennessee.
Price, Vernon D .....Louisville, Kentucky.
Priest, William C. .....Louisville, Kentucky.
Pryor, Honorable William S. ...Newcastle, Kentucky.
Quarrier, Cushman.....Louisville, Kentucky.
Queen, Miss Octavia .....Louisville, Kentucky.
Quisenberry, John A. .....Danville, Kentucky.
Quisenberry, A. C. .....Hyattsville, Maryland.
Reeve, John J.....Henderson, Kentucky.
Reed, John Duff. .....Louisville, Kentucky.
Revenaugh, Aurelius O.....Louisville, Kentucky.
Reynolds, Doctor Dudley S. ....Louisville, Kentucky.
Richards, Honorable A. E.....Louisville, Kentucky.
Richardson, Orla C.....Louisville, Kentucky.
Richardson, Doctor John B. ....Louisville, Kentucky.
Riddle, Honorable Robert .....Irvine, Kentucky.
Robinson, C. Bonnycastle .....Louisville, Kentucky.

ROWELL, JOSEPH KIRK. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
RUCKER, REVEREND JAMES J . . . . . Georgetown, Kentucky.
RUSSELL, JOHN C. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
RUTLEDGE, ARTHUR M . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SACKETT, FREDERICK M . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SANDERS, HENRY V. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SANDERS, MAJOR DAVID W. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SANDERS, MISS MYRA . . . . . Shepherdsville, Kentucky.
SCHROEDER, MISS EMMA SIDELL. . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SCHROEDER, MISS MARIE C. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SCOTT, JOHN MATTHEW. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SCHULTE, BATTS OVERTON. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SEA, MRS. SOPHIA FOX. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SELLIGMAN, ALFRED. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SEMPLE, MRS. PATTY B . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SEMPLE, MISS ELLEN C . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SHACKELFORD, W. RODES. . . . . Richmond, Kentucky.
SHELBY, MRS. SUSAN HART . . . . . Lexington, Kentucky.
SHELBY, EVAN . . . . . New York City.
SHELBY, JOHN T . . . . . Lexington, Kentucky.
SHELDON, GENERAL H. S. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SHEILD, CHARLES H . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SHREVE, CHARLES U . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SHERLEY, HONORABLE SWAGER. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SLAUGHTER, MRS. ELVIRA MILLER . Louisville, Kentucky.
SLOSS, STANLEY E . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SMITH, DOCTOR DAVID T . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SMITH, CLARK O. . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.
SMITH, ROGERS M. . . . . Worthington, Kentucky.
SMITH, MILTON H . . . . . Louisville, Kentucky.

Smith, Zachariah F ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Smith, Captain S. Calhoun ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Smyser, Jacob L ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Speed, James B ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Stege, Miss Lillian E ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Steele, John A ..... Midway, Kentucky.
Stephenson, Hon. William W .... Harrodsburg, Kentucky.
Stewart, Miss Jessie ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Stewart, Charles J ..... Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Stites, John ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Strother, Professor James M ... Louisville, Kentucky.
Strother, John C ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Swearingen, Embry L ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Sweets, Reverend David ..... Shelbyville, Kentucky.
Sweets, Reverend Henry H .... Louisville, Kentucky.
Taylor, Edward H., Junior ..... Frankfort, Kentucky.
Terry, Alvah L ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Tevis, Robert C ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Tevis, John ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Thatcher, Maurice H ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Tharp, Professor William H ... Louisville, Kentucky.
Thomas, Rev. Frank Morehead ... Owensboro, Kentucky.
Thompson, Mrs. Virginia C ..... Washington, D. C.
Thornton, David L ..... Versailles, Kentucky.
Thornton, Robert A ..... Lexington, Kentucky.
Thruston, R. C. Ballard ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Thum, William W ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Todd, Honorable George D..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Todd, Admiral C. C. ..... Frankfort, Kentucky.
Toney, Honorable Sterling B... Denver, Colorado.

Townsend, John W ..... Lexington, Kentucky.
Tucker, Mrs. Mattie B ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Turner, Mrs. Eugenia ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Veech, Richard S. ..... St. Matthews, Kentucky.
Walker, Walter ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Wallace, Joseph M. ..... Danville, Kentucky.
Waller, Granville B ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Walter, Lewis A ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Walton, Doctor Claiborn J. ..... Munfordsville, Kentucky.
Waltz, Reverend S. S. ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Ward, Colonel John H. ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Warren, Eugene C ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Warren, Reverend Edward L .. Louisville, Kentucky.
Warthen, Miss Margaret Adams Louisville, Kentucky.
Wathen, Doctor William H .... Louisville, Kentucky.
Watts, Miss Lucy. ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Watterson, Honorable Henry ... Louisville, Kentucky.
Wells, Lewis G ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Weissinger, Harry ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Welch, John Harrison. ..... Nicholasville, Kentucky.
Wheat, John L ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Wheeler, F. Clay. ..... Winchester, Kentucky.
White, Honorable John D ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Wickliffe, John D. ..... Bardstown, Kentucky.
Wilhoit, E. B ..... Grayson, Kentucky.
Williams, Doctor Margaret C ... Louisville, Kentucky.
Willson, Augustus E ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Wilson, Doctor Dunning S ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Wilson, Samuel M. ..... Lexington, Kentucky.
Winchester, Honorable Boyd ... Louisville, Kentucky.

Wood, William F ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Wood, Charles Francis ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Woodruff, Mrs. Janie Scott..... Augusta, Georgia.
Woods, Reverend Neander ..... Clarksville, Tennessee.
Woods, Robert E ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Woodson, Isaac T..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Woolfolk, Leander C..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Worthington, Doctor Samuel M. Versailles, Kentucky.
Wright, Miss Carrie McL..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Yager, Professor Arthur ..... Georgetown, Kentucky.
Yandell, Miss Enid ..... New York City.
Young, Colonel Bennett H ..... Louisville, Kentucky.
Yerkes, Honorable John W ..... Danville, Kentucky.
Younglove, John E ..... Bowling Green, Kentucky.
Yust, William F ..... Louisville, Kentucky.

Note.—Only citizens of Kentucky are eligible to membership in The Filson Club; but a member once elected does not lose his or her membership by moving out of the State.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

The Filson Club is an historical, biographical, and literary association located in Louisville, Kentucky. It was named after John Filson, the first historian of Kentucky, whose quaint little octavo of one hundred and eighteen pages was published at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1784. It was organized May 15, 1884, and incorporated October 5, 1891, for the purpose, as expressed in its charter, of collecting, preserving, and publishing the history of Kentucky and adjacent States, and cultivating a taste for historic inquiry and study among its members. While its especial field of operations was thus theoretically limited, its practical workings were confined to no locality. Each member is at liberty to choose a subject and prepare a paper and read it to the Club, among whose archives it is to be filed. From the papers thus accumulated selections are made for publication, and there have now been issued twenty-one volumes or numbers of these publications. They are all paper-bound quartos, printed with pica old-style type on pure white antique paper, with broad margins, untrimmed edges, and halftone illustrations. They have been admired both at home and abroad, not only for their original and valuable matter, but also for their tasteful and comely appearance. They are not printed for sale in the commercial sense of the term, but for distribution among the members of the Club. Only limited editions to meet the wants of the Club are published, but any numbers which may be left over after the members have been supplied are exchanged with other associations or sold at about the cost of publication. The following is a brief catalogue of all the Club publications to date.

1. JOHN FILSON, the first historian of Kentucky. An account of his life and writings, principally from original sources, prepared for The Filson Club and read at its second meeting in Louisville, June 26, 1884, by Reuben T. Durrett, A. M., LL. D., President of the Club. Illustrated with a likeness of Filson, a facsimile of one of his letters, and a photo-lithographic reproduction of his map of Kentucky printed at Philadelphia in 1784. 4to, 132 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Ky. 1884.

2. THE WILDERNESS ROAD: A description of the routes of travel by which the pioneers and early settlers first came to Kentucky. Prepared for The Filson Club by Captain Thomas Speed, Secretary of the Club. Illustrated with a map showing the routes of travel. 4to, 75 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1886.

3. THE PIONEER PRESS OF KENTUCKY, from the printing of the first paper west of the Alleghanies, August 11, 1787, to the establishment of the Daily Press, 1830. Prepared for The Filson Club by William Henry Perrin, member of the Club. Illustrated with facsimiles of pages of the Kentucky Gazette and Farmer's Library, a view of the first printing house in Kentucky, and likenesses of John Bradford, Shadrack Penn, and George D. Prentice. 4to, 93 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1888.

4. LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE CALEB WALLACE, sometime a Justice of the Court of Appeals of the State of Kentucky. By the Reverend William H. Whitsitt, D. D., member of The Filson Club. 4to, 151 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1888.

5. AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Louisville, Kentucky, prepared for the Semi-Centennial Celebration, October 6, 1889. By Reuben T. Durrett, A. M., LL. D., President of The Filson Club. Illustrated with likenesses of the Reverend William Jackson, the Reverend Edmund T. Perkins, D. D., and views of the church as first built in 1839 and as it

appeared in 1889. 4to, 90 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1889.

6. The Political Beginnings of Kentucky: A narrative of public events bearing on the history of the State up to the time of its admission into the American Union. By Colonel John Mason Brown, member of The Filson Club. Illustrated with a likeness of the author. 4to, 263 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1889.

7. The Centenary of Kentucky: Proceedings at the celebration by The Filson Club, Wednesday, June 1, 1892, of the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of Kentucky as an independent State into the Federal Union. Prepared for publication by Reuben T. Durrett, A. M., LL. D., President of The Filson Club. Illustrated with likenesses of President Durrett, Major Stanton, Sieur La Salle, and General George Rogers Clark, and facsimiles of the music and songs of the Centennial Banquet. 4to, 200 pages. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, and John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1892.

8. The Centenary of Louisville. A paper read before the Southern Historical Association, Saturday, May 1, 1880, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the city of Louisville as an incorporated town under an act of the Virginia Legislature. By Reuben T. Durrett, A. M., LL. D., President of The Filson Club. Illustrated with likenesses of Colonel Durrett, Sieur La Salle and General George Rogers Clark. 4to, 200 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky.

9. The Political Club, Danville, Kentucky, 1786–1790. Being an account of an early Kentucky debating society, from the original papers recently found. By Captain Thomas Speed, Secretary of The Filson Club. 4to, xii-167 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1894.

10. The Life and Writings of Rafinesque. Prepared for The Filson Club and read at its meeting Monday, April 2, 1894.

By Richard Ellsworth Call, M. A., M. Sc., M. D., member of The Filson Club. Illustrated with likenesses of Rafinesque and facsimiles of pages of his Fishes of the Ohio and Botany of Louisville. 4to, xii-227 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1895.

11. TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY. Its origin, rise, decline and fall. Prepared for The Filson Club by Robert Peter, M. D., and his daughter, Miss Johanna Peter, members of The Filson Club. Illustrated with a likeness of Doctor Peter. 4to, 202 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1896.

12. BRYANT'S STATION and the memorial proceedings held on its site under the auspices of the Lexington Chapter D. A. R., August 18, 1896, in honor of its heroic mothers and daughters. Prepared for publication by Reuben T. Durrett, A. M., LL. D., President of The Filson Club. Illustrated with likenesses of officers of the Lexington Chapter D. A. R., President Durrett of The Filson Club, Major Stanton, Professor Ranck, Colonel Young and Dr. Todd, members of the Club, and full-page views of Bryant's Station and its spring, and of the battlefield of the Blue Licks. 4to, xii-227 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1897.

13. THE FIRST EXPLORATIONS OF KENTUCKY. The Journals of Doctor Thomas Walker, 1750, and of Colonel Christopher Gist, 1751. Edited by Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, Vice-President of The Filson Club. Illustrated with a map of Kentucky showing the routes of Walker and Gist throughout the State, with a view of Castle Hill, the residence of Dr. Walker, and a likeness of Colonel Johnston. 4to, 256 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1898.

14. THE CLAY FAMILY. Part First—The mother of Henry Clay, by Zachary F. Smith, member of The Filson Club. Part Second—The Genealogy of the Clays, by Mrs. Mary Rogers Clay, member of The Filson Club. Illustrated with a full-page halftone likeness of Henry Clay, of each of the authors, and a

full-page picture of the Clay coat-of-arms, also four full-page grouped illustrations, each containing four likenesses of members of the Clay family. 4to, vi-276 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1899.

15. THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE. Part First—The Battle and Battle-ground; Part Second—Comment of the Press; Part Third—Roll of the Army commanded by General Harrison. By Captain Albert Pirtle, member of The Filson Club. Illustrated with a likeness of the author and likenesses of William Henry Harrison and Colonel Joseph Hamilton Daveiss and Elkswatawa, "The Prophet," together with three full-page views and a plot of the battle-ground. 4to, xix-158 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1900.

16. BOONESBOROUGH, a pioneer town of Kentucky: Its origin, progress, decline, and final extinction. By George W. Ranck, historian, of Lexington, Kentucky, etc., and member of The Filson Club. Illustrated with copious halftone views of its site and its fort, with likenesses of the author and of Daniel Boone, and a picture of Boone's principal relics. 4to, xii-286 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1901.

17. THE OLD MASTERS OF THE BLUEGRASS. By General Samuel W. Price, member of The Filson Club. Consisting of biographic sketches of the distinguished Kentucky artists, Matthew H. Jouett, Joseph H. Bush, John Grimes, Oliver Frazer, Louis Morgan, Joel T. Hart, and Samuel W. Price, with halftone likenesses of the artists and specimens of their work. 4to, xiii-181 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1902.

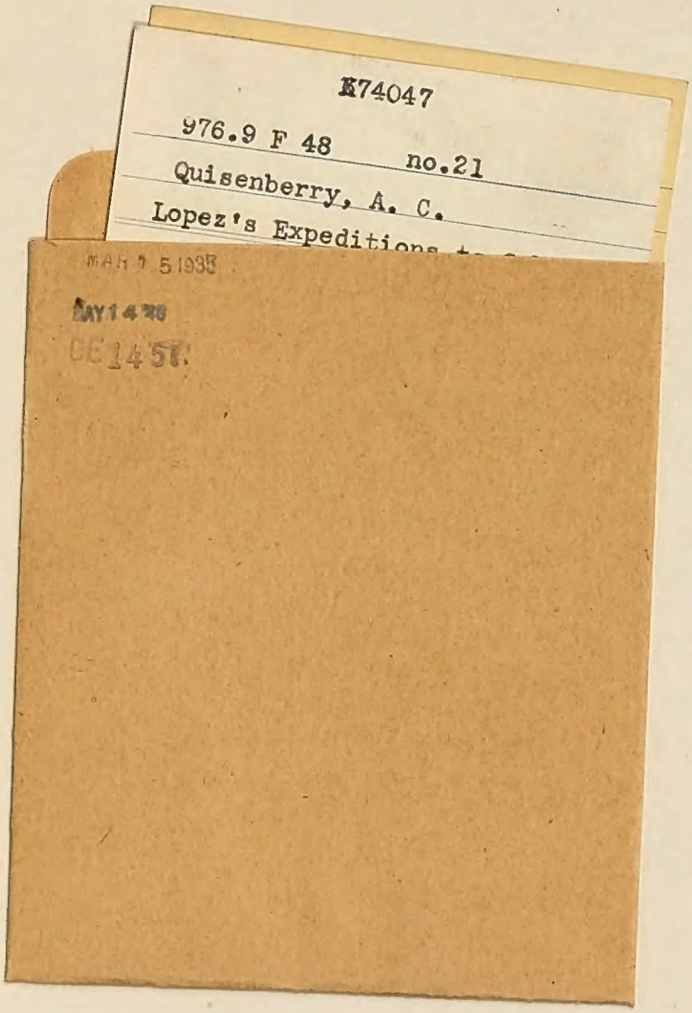
18. THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES. By Colonel Bennett H. Young, member of The Filson Club. Presenting a review of the causes which led to the battle, the preparations made for it, the scene of the conflict, and the victory. Illustrated with a steel engraving of the author, halftone likenesses of the principal actors and scenes and relics from the battlefield. To which is

added an appendix containing a list of the officers and privates engaged. 4to, 288 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1903.

19. The Battle of New Orleans. By Zachary F. Smith, member of The Filson Club. Presenting a full account of the forces engaged, the preparations made, the preliminary conflicts which led up to the final battle and the victory to the Americans on the 8th of January, 1815. Illustrated with full-page likenesses of the author, of Generals Jackson and Adair, of Governors Shelby and Slaughter, and maps of the country and scenes from the battlefield, to which is added a list of Kentuckians in the battle. 4to, 224 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1904.

20. The History of the Medical Department of Transylvania University. By Dr. Robert Peter, deceased. Prepared for publication by his daughter, Miss Johanna Peter, member of The Filson Club. Illustrated with full-page likenesses of the author and principal professors, and a view of the old medical hall and its janitor. 4to, 205 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1905.

21. Lopez's Expeditions to Cuba. By A. C. Quisenberry, member of The Filson Club. Presenting a detailed account of the Cardenas and the Bahia Honda expeditions, with the names of the officers and men, as far as ascertainable, who were engaged in them. Illustrated with full-page likenesses of A. C. Quisenberry the author, General Narciso Lopez commander-in-chief, Colonel John T. Pickett, Colonel Theodore O'Hara, Colonel Thomas T. Hawkins, Colonel William Logan Crittenden, Captain Robert H. Breckenridge, Lieutenant John Carl Johnston, and landscape views of Cuba, Rose Hill, Moro Castle, and a common human bone-heap of a Cuban cemetery. In the appendix, besides other valuable matter, will be found a full list of The Filson Club publications and of the members of the Club. 4to, 172 pages. John P. Morton & Co., Printers, Louisville, Kentucky. 1906.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Quisenberry, A. C.
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